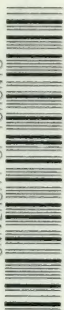



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HIC ET ILLIC

POEMS WRITTEN AT HOME AND ABROAD

HIC ET ILLIC

Poems written at Home and Abroad

BY

H. J. BULKELEY, M.A.

RECTOR OF CODDINGTON

Author of *Walled In and Other Poems*
and of *Alypius and Other Poems*

Et quid quæque ferat regio et quid quæque recuset ;
Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ.

VERGIL, *Georg.*, I, 53-4



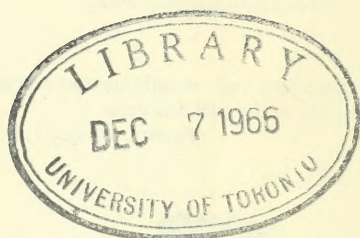
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TO A FRIEND

A CHRISTMAS gift. Refuse it,
I know you will not do.
Then take it, read it, use it,
And make it full of you.

'Tis fruitless now ; but feed it
With love, and 'twill bear flowers,
And scent, and fruit. Then read it,
No longer mine, but ours.

INTRODUCTION

I WISH that I could convey to my readers some small part of the very keen pleasure that I have had in feeling and writing these poems, most of them composed in the open air, immediately under the influence of the places or situations that they attempt to describe or suggest. Indeed, my joy has been so selfish, that the making, and the occasional reading aloud, have been more than an ample reward of my pleasant work. It is only the urgency of my family and of some kind friends that has induced me to publish again, after a silence of eighteen years. But old age is creeping on, and the thing, if advisable, has to be done at once, or perhaps not at all. My faults I know very well, and that I have here included verses of very unequal merit, and of only personal interest ; but for this my little circle of friendly readers and critics may render pardon, and, in some cases, even thanks. Of course some of my verses have been written for reasons which are not on the surface.

For instance, I have translated one of Petrarch's sonnets, 'The Voyage', not because it was especially Petrarchian, but because it was so modern, because it had the flavour of Giacomo Leopardi. Again, I have brought a reference to the 'Hippolytus' of Euripides into the poem on Etna, because I had in my mind Professor Gilbert Murray's spirited translation. And it was Collins' 'Ode to Evening' that induced me to translate the 'El Crepusculo' of Selgas.

H. J. B.

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POEMS WRITTEN AT HOME

Maggie

YOU see that fluttering bit of scarlet stuff,
A ragged shawl, now half way up the brae,
Just where the beck comes leaping from the crag—
Or came, for now a fringe of icicles,
Long glittering fingers, point where late it leapt—
A splash of scarlet on a wall of grey,
Now moving, now beyond a bush of whin
Lost for a moment, now at pause awhile
On some bit rock ; yes, now again in prayer,
Knees on the rock, hands lifted, shrill voice too
Lifted as though 'twould pierce that leaden sky,
(How can I hear so far, through window pane
And half a mile of wind? By heart I can.)
The same, same words. 'My bairn, my laddie
Will !'

'My darling ; my own darling laddie Will !
Oh, God ! My laddie Will !' And then, uprising,
Eyes straight, hand firm upon her holly staff,
Steps resolute, if weak, she presses on.
Thus ever, grief and hope recurrent thus,
Searching and longing, reaches thus the top,
And looks, and looks in vain, and wrings her hands.
But now subdued, her head and heart at peace —
That poor weak head, that strong courageous
heart !—

Crawls down in quiet, seeks her homeless home,
And rests, until again that inward voice,
Persuasive, urgent, constant as the sun,
Bids her once more go seek him on the fell,
Her Will, she never finds—until, some day,
Some autumn day, may be, when heather blooms,
And all day long the hills are red with dawn,
Shall, mid the glory, find him, and her death,
And God, and peace. You'd like to hear the tale.
Where to begin? Well ; some five years ago,
Maggie, scarce twenty, was an orphan, dead
Her father, and her mother worse than dead,
Insane and hopelessly ; good parents both,
No children but this one, this one ewe lamb,
So in their bosom nourished tenderly,
Till girlhood ripened into womanhood :
And never rosebud blushed a softer red,
And never snowdrop had a purer heart,
And never squirrel leapt with lighter grace,
Than Maggie Robinson. Then father died,
And mother, wont to lean on him alone,
Strong only in his strength, when that prop fell,
Fell too, and that hereditary taint,
His love and care had checked for twenty years,
Would have its way, and in the Asylum still
She lives her death. We all loved Maggie well,
And in the parish there were twenty homes
For one she'd lost. My wife had known her best,
And so she lived with us a year and more ;

And day by day our love for her increased,
But day by day we came to see her mind
Was weak, just like her mother's. And he knew,
Knew it as well as we, did Richard Bell,
But in his fresh and cheerful manliness,
His young man's optimism, said or thought,
'Tis nothing, nothing but her parents' loss,
Nothing but just a tinge of melancholy
That makes her doubly charming. Wed and
mine,
With perhaps some little ones to feed and kiss,
'Twill go, I'm sure on't.' How could reason stand
'Gainst such assurance? Maggie Robinson
Was Maggie Bell, and never village bells
Rang out more merrily, and village hearts
Ne'er wished more happiness for one all loved.
A year, she was a mother. Six months more,
Her boy was fatherless. A beck in spate,
A frightened horse, a heart too venturesome,
Too bent on home when prudence counselled pause,
At least till moonrise. So the horse came home,
Riderless. But they found the body: home
They brought him, as he'd longed, his pockets full
Of useful things for wife, and toys for child,
And such a shawl to wrap both him and her,
Just purchased at the fair; and on his face
The rocks had spared, a smile, she said 'a smile,'
Where parting changed to greeting. It was strange
How she bore up, when that first flood of grief

Had spent itself : how for her child and him,
His father, she could put her grief aside,
Would bake the funeral cakes, receive his friends.
Then in the house she led the usual hymn
With that rich voice which first had touched his
heart.

She needed not our props, not she : her mind
Rested on God and on her child, and him
She'd lost but found again in that dear boy.
And so her husband's words seemed coming true,
That with a little one to feed and kiss
The danger to her mind would pass away.
She ever grew more lovely, body, soul,
Ever more active. 'Twas a bliss to stand
And look at her. How like a deer she walked !
How like an angel ! Had some Raphael come
To our lone northern village, he had cried,
'Tis Nazareth, for here the Mother comes,
And in her arms the Christ.' Then art had fixed
For all the world what these old eyes have seen
And lost for ever. God, Thy mysteries
Are fathomless. Why could she not have lived
To gladden all our valley with her smiles ?
Why could she not have lived to make her boy
A second Richard Bell, or, grander far,
Some peasant prophet, poet, teacher, king ?
For nothing seemed too high for Maggie's son,
When those bright forms had flashed before our
eyes,

And set our dreams a-working. Why that blow
That killed her child and crushed her to the earth,
Burst all the bonds that curbed the maddening
brain,

And left her in the dust? His will be done.
The cholera ; you mind that dreadful year.
Not towns alone but hamlets felt the scourge,
And in this district rows of long low mounds
Still, in the churchyards, preach that year of doom.
No doubt we were to blame, for ignorance
Is oft akin to sin. 'Forgive our sins,'
'And negligences,' saith the Litany,
'And ignorances,' and indeed we knew,
Saw blindly how the byres fouled the beck,
And middens stood too close to many a house,
And these too crowded, while poor Nelly's hut
Was just a nest of filth, where children, hens,
And dogs all lived together. She'd been told,
I'd told her scores of times. She could not change,
Or would not, knowing none would have the heart
To turn her out, to starve, for all had liked
Her Dan, 'a decent chap, and well-to-do,
But for the drink, and not such harm in that.'
Nay, nay, there's harm in drink ; there's sin in
dirt

And whatsoever goes against God's laws
Of life and health. There's sin in softness too,
When soft to one means hard to all the rest.
How easy now to moralise ! But, there,

We did do something when the evil came.
The steed is stolen, shut the stable door?
But this at least may stop some further theft.
For some few weeks while neighbours' farms and
cots

Were stricken, we were free, but closer still
The foe crept on, and women with pale lips,
Such blue pale lips as he delights to kiss,
Told of the monster coming. Then he came,
Came like a harpy swooping on the prey
Ripe for his talons, came to Nelly's hut.
She had been peddling, buying rabbit skins,
Begging for scraps, and dragging as she could
Her youngest child, and so by food or drink
Was kindly poisoned, and came home to die,
She and her bairnie. On a glorious morn,
An autumn sun capping the hills with gold,
And calling all to life, she woke to death,
Woke early from a tossing, fevered sleep,
Knocked with a desperate hand upon the wall,
Roused her next neighbour, and the thing was
known.

In half an hour all the village knew.
'Nelly, the Cholera.' Like drifted wreck
Those two words floated on the waves of sound,
Black, ominous, and finally were flung
Against my house where, wrapped in easy sleep,
I dreamt I heard the throbbing of the sea
And cries of terns, and woke to hear the bell's

Continuous jangling, and a woman's scream,
'Nelly, the Cholera.' 'Twas my first thought
To stop the doctor. He had been last night
Just o'er the fell, and might be going home
Just at this time, if now 'twere not too late.
It would have been, if I had thought it first.
But Maggie was before me, quick in thought,
Quicker in action. Twenty yards away
From wretched Nelly's wretched hut, her cot
Stood like a protest 'gainst the neighbouring dirt,
Neat, cleanly, with a bit of garden too,
Sod dyked about. Richard had left it thus,
And thus, God helping her, her mindful love
Kept, and still keeps it in her bitter woe.
She, always rising early, lit the fire,
Put on the kettle, opened wide the door,
Let in the sunshine, so on Willy's head
It kissed a richer gold, then heard the cry,
And knew the horror. How her brain was keen!
And kind, kind always, and her thought was act.
To stop the doctor; so I thought and paused.
She paused not, from her hand let drop the broom,
Ran as no woman could in all the dale,
Rushed down the sheep path, leapt from hag to
hag,
The moss the quicker way, then breasted it,
The steepest climb, among the screes and ferns,
Hand helping foot, until she reached the top,
And passed from view, for we had seen her climb,

And prayed God's blessing on her. Did it come?
She passed from view, but, just before she passed,
She stopped and turned, retraced her upward
steps,

Then paused again, clasped both hands to her
face,

As shutting out some awful piercing sight,
Rocked to and fro in some fierce pang of thought,
Threw wide her arms toward the home she'd left,
Raised them to heaven, and rushed upon her way,
The way that duty pointed, o'er the fell,
To stop the doctor. Fools! so blind and hard!
Brains, hearts, we had none. Not one man to
think,

No woman, without thinking, just to run
And see her darling did not come to harm,
Her Willy, left without the mother's voice,
The mother's eye! That pause, that hurried
prayer,

That frantic gesture; no one saw their drift?

May God forgive us, we were fools indeed.

For it's not only what we mean, but—Eh?

Well, well, the story: let the preaching go.

But you must let an old man moralise,

For when the heart is full, the words will flow,

And keep on flowing till—you stop them. Well,

She caught the doctor, only just in time:

He'd passed the corner, but her cry went home—

'Roused me from dozing, like an eagle's scream,

Though she a good three hundred yards away.
She gasped out 'Cholera' and 'Nelly's down.'
And could no more, but climbed into the gig
And sat there, trembling, silent; no word more
For all his asking. Ere the wheels had stopped,
She leapt, she staggered to her cottage door,
And found the women clustered round the child,
Moaning, half-conscious, but his tortured arms
Raised for his mother. They were telling her,
Their many voices one lamenting cry,
Their many discords one sad harmony,
How he had toddled to the fire place,
And must have put the kettle to his lips,
The water boiling, as a new big toy,
And thirsty, too: how they had heard his screams,
And ran and found him,—'Yes,' she calmly said,
Calmly and smiling, as a desert smiles
When winds have ridged the sands, 'I saw it all,
Saw it all yonder, there upon the fell,
Saw it as clearly as I see you now,
And *him*'—she paused a minute, all her voice
Lost in one sobbing kiss—'I might have saved,
But could not. I had other things to do.
I asked God what to do—He bade me go.
I caught the doctor—"Nelly—cholera,"
I told him. Ask him, when he's done with her,
To see our Willy. He is here, you know—
I stopped him, stopped him.' Then she sat and
stared,

Kissing the boy at intervals, her eyes
Dry in their misery. The doctor came,
Did what he could, where nothing could be done,
The scolds so terrible. He lingered on,
Moaning, half-conscious, calling for his toys,
His 'Mammy dear.' Whene'er he called for her,
She, who ne'er left his room from first to last,
Started and trembled, but let others nurse
And soothe him. Lingered on a day or two,
Then, the cold striking to his lungs, he passed.
It's not the custom for our women folk
To follow funerals, but she would go,
Spite of our protests, baked the funeral cakes,
And made the tea, and saw that each was served,
Joined loudly in the singing of the hymn,
Her rich voice ringing through the open door
Till all the village heard, and one poor lad,
Dying of cholera, sat up and cried,
'Yes, yes ;—I come,' and never spoke again.
Nor did she speak again, but firmly walked
Behind the bearers,—their eyes filled with tears,
Poor pitying lasses !—heard the shovelled earth
Thud hollow on the chest that held her heart,
Watched the wee mound that rose above it, stooped
To place there one pink bud of monthly rose—
The bush was planted when the child was named,
And Richard planted it—and homeward walked
As firmly. 'Twas an awful sight to see.
Why, man, I've sometimes seen men bowed in grief,

Great stalwart men crying as children cry,
At home or by the grave ; but this was worse,
And ne'er before or since my tough old heart
Has felt so like to break. I thought of her
As ' Mater Dolorosa ; ' 'twould not serve,
No doubt the grief was there, but something more ;
That blow had crushed her mind as well as heart,
She was beside herself, still not so much
But Maggie still was there, the woman's heart,
The wife's, the mother's. When she reached her
home

No word she spake to all our words, but looked,
Looked at us with a strained beseeching stare,
The wild deep look of some dumb animal,
Hungry for solitude. We left her there,
And there she sat, did little else but sit,
The neighbours looking in to do for her,
A week of days, when each day was a week
In its intensity of silent pain.
Each day was sunless, moonless every night ;
For he had set, her sun, her moon, her light,
Her own dear bairn, her Willy. With the morn,
The eighth, a wondrous change came o'er her face,
A pool of water on a desert waste,
A streak of sunlight through a murky cloud,
One hope transfiguring a world of woe.
She put her hand upon her neighbour's arm,
Old Granny Dodds, and gripped it to her heart,
Her eyes close into hers, and screamed with joy,

'He was not dead, he slept. He wakes. He
waits,

There where I lost him, just above the screes.
I go to find him. But he'll want his plaid,
The bright red shawl Dick bought him at the fair.
Now let us go.' She waited not for her,
Old Granny Dodds ; leapt lightly from the door,
Ran as no woman could in all the dale,
Rushed down the sheep path, leapt from hag to
hag,

The way she went before, and breasted it,
The steepest climb, among the screes and ferns,
Hand helping foot, and reached the top, and stood,
Then sank upon her knees and cried with joy
And louder still with grief, and spiered, and ran,
And fell again and prayed. Then wrung her hands,
As that dull sense of loss resumed its sway,
And down the wild flame flickered into ash,
And once again she knew her boy was dead.
Then home she wandered, was her silent self.
But on the morrow she again rushed forth,
Her face all lit with hope, and home returned
Silent and hopeless, till the next day came
With its new stream of transitory joy.
So it has gone on for a year and more.
Only the Sabbath is her day of rest
From that fierce quest that ends in sadder loss ;
For then her madness takes another shape,
And change is change. She puts her bonnet on,

Carefully smoothes the pillow, gently wraps
That red shawl, now in rags, upon the bed,
As round her Willy, strokes his curly head,
Kisses his cheek, she then as clearly sees
As I see you, then finds her seat in church,
Brushing the seat for Richard by her side,
Stands, kneels, and sits, but never speaks at all,
Save to herself in spiritual songs,
Singing and making melody in her heart,
Her face aglow with rapture. But the cloud
Steals over it. She quickly leaves her seat,
Glides from the church, runs, runs to reach the bed,
Tears off the shawl from what was never there,
And falls upon her knees in agony ;
Then rises with that face emotionless,
The negative blank look of some blind beast,
And spreads the cloth, and gets the dinner things.
And so the weeks and months go round and
round,
And no change comes, but that her large-orbed
eyes
Darken and deepen, and her back is bent,
Her footsteps flag, and death must come at last ;
And will not linger, not too long for her,
And not for us, who feel her grief our own.
Some day, I always dream an autumn day,
On that grey fell, but lit with heather bloom,
When all day long the hills are red with dawn,
Her brave, devoted heart will cease to beat,

And she will find her Will, her Dick, and God.
And then her Master Christ, who died to save
Us from all ill, will greet her with a smile,
For she did not refuse her only son,
As Abraham would, too, have given his,
But that God stayed him, as He stayed not her ;
She freely gave him, with him gave herself,
To save her neighbour. On that ridge of fell,
By that grey rock, to me the holiest place
In all the parish, wrestling with herself
In one sharp struggle, short but full of fate,
And full of God, she nailed her to her Cross,
The fell for her a second Calvary.
And thus she filled up that which is behind
Of Christ's afflictions. What an act supreme
Of Christian sacrifice ! A crown of crowns,
Where every thorn has for its head a pearl,
Pure, lustrous, without tinge of selfish love ;
And that red shawl is crimsoned with His blood,
Who died, like her, to save the world from death.
And yet that penny-a-liner dared to write,
That wretched cockney cynic, that she—there,
It makes me mad to say it—'murdered,' him,
Her child ! But why waste words on such a lie ?
You don't believe him. If I thought you did,
You should not touch these girdle cakes, or sip
One drop of tea, which Mary has brought in,
Just as my story ended. I say, No,
Although the beck had swept the bridge away,

And night were black as pitch, for if you did
Believe in such a wicked, senseless lie,
Be sure the Devil would protect his own.
But you do not, you cannot. Maggie Bell.
Our ain dear winsome Meg ! That bonny lass !
That noble woman ! She— But have some cream.
I always hold our Jenny bangs them a',
Is far the richest milker in the dale.

Side End, Langdale

A SABBATH evening, man and dog at rest,
And tree and sky. A distant waterfall
Rings hollow from its ghyl ; a cuckoo lights
Hard by upon a rail, and flaps its wings,
And 'cuckoo' sings, as on a Switzer clock
Its wooden brother. But all else is mute,
As from this craggy seat I downward gaze,
And see broad Langdale spread her grassy holms,
And wilder Oxendale her mossy sides,
Sculptured by ravined rocks and waterfalls,
But all so distant that their sound is hushed.
The valley lies so still, the hand of God
Seems o'er it, in one fleecy cloud, to spread
His benediction. If the vales are still,
The mountains round are stiller. Sentinels,
Giants in stone, they watch in brooding thought

The homes they guard, just here and there a farm,
Or grey or white, whence tiny curls of smoke
Rise blue against the bushy sycamores,
Or darker tufts of yew ; and once a bark
Tells of some watcher also in the dale.
And still the hills watch on. Eternity
To them is as a day ; their massive heads
Mergent from knotted shoulders, on their hands
Chinned hard, whose fingers, wedged among the
rocks,

Just hold apart the grizzled hair of eld,
So that atween the great eyes peep, the sun
Making them blink with horizontal rays,
Strong e'en in dying. In the misty south
The Pike of Blisco lifts his stone capped head ;
But not so sharply, not so boldly he,
As those two great twin brethren on the north,
Harrison Stickle and the rounded Pike,
The latter jutting right into the vale,
The former rising from a ruff of hills,
Slashed with dry waterways, with rowans green
Like sprays of ribband, pinned on anywhere
As Nature fancies. Closely frowns behind
The gloomy precipice of Pavey Ark,
Down whose dark face, last fall, a daring youth
While gathering mosses, leant too far, and slept
Cold as the crags the sleep of death : a cairn
Records his death. Now let us turn our eyes
Towards the west. A bastioned line of hills,

The Band a central buttress, close the end
'Gainst all intrusion safe. Lo ! Crinkle Crag,
(Thro' which the Trolls would thrust their roguish
heads

In Norway or in Ireland, but not here
In sober Westmoreland), and Rossett Crag ;
But chiefest, in the centre, black as night,
Save that a patch of snow in some deep cleft
Still lingers, tho' in May, his back to the sun,
His shadow, like a mantle, darkening field
And fell, extinguishing the yellow light
That streams along the beck and with it winds
Like a long writhing snake. All hail, Bow Fell,
The crown, the head, the chieftain of the dale !
Whether at eve, as now, thou wearest a cloak
Of sable, mourning for the death of day ;
Or in the morning, e'er the first to wake,
Touched with the first grey fingers of the dawn,
To don thy ruby cloak and crown of gold ;
Or whether, in the purple of the night,
The silver points of stars amid thy hair
Of moonlit clouds ; or dark with thunder cloud ;
Kingly capricious, thou art still the king,
The crown, the head, the chieftain of the dale.
And e'en the Langdale Pikes, confronting thee,
Are noble henchmen. Gazing yet on thee,
In this sweet awful stillness, while the sun
Outlines, still sinking, thy stupendous form,
Black garbed with fringe of gold, the eyelids fall,

The head sinks in a kind of drowsy awe,
A passing beetle drones a lullaby,
A faint breeze fans the cheek, and then the dreams !

Those heights with their dim faces lean around,
Still watching, but above them others rise,
Mountains still higher, more ethereal,
Watching, they too, with faces as of gods,
But human, kindly human to the core ;
Feeling the mountains throb beneath their hearts,
Feeling the throbbing heart of beast and plant
And crystal, feeling most the heart of man,
And so of God. Oh ! may my memory
So live, that while my fingers hold the pen,
I may at least record those mountains' names.
Tho' all their beauty and magnificence,
Their rocky strength, their grace of majesty,
Their blessing, falling gently as a prayer,
A vale of cloud sunlit and mystical,
The rills of tears for poor humanity,
The violets in their crannies, all their knolls
Of ferns and mosses, these I cannot tell.
They are for me a heirloom now and aye,
Their subtle grace and glory ; but, O friends,
I cannot paint and pluck them, e'en for you.
The Pike of Blisco safely guards the south ;
But high above his shoulders peers a face
With great dim eyes, all framed in long white hair,

Whom men call Ruskin, Coniston's Old Man,
Who led his countrymen to worship art
And honour, for the sake of Man and God,
Who worshipped Art as God, and God as Art,
And both as beauty, of the mind and soul.
Now turn towards the east ; leave Pavey Ark
To threaten gloomily, see out of mist
Helvellyn just reveal his mighty back,
An Atlas to support not earth, but heaven.
So, like Helvellyn, but much broader based,
More sky aspiring, gracious Wordsworth rose,
Still rises from the shore of Grasmere. Look,
How all the hills bow down to him. High hills,
Why hop ye so? In this God pleaseth Him
To dwell for ever. How he centres all
The glory of this Lake-land ! How his life,
So simply grand in its serenity,
Makes us bow down our faces to the earth,
Vexed at our baser pleasures ! How his soul
Is of the mountains, bold, eternal, pure,
Lifting to God the wreath of poesy
With one firm hand, the other tenderly
Stroking a child's cheek, or a bleating lamb.
Rise, ever rise, and let us rise with thee,
Thou, soul and crown of high simplicity,
Thou, summit of thy age, thou, mount of God.
But who is this, with such keen misty crags,
So skyward pointing, with such flowers atween,
And yet so much in ruin ; those high rocks

So tumbled to the vale, but mossy sweet
E'en there? Ah! who is he, so grand and torn,
A giant's strength, a giant's weakness? That
Is Coleridge, Wordsworth's early prophet friend,
His next poetic brother. Blame is just,
And blame is easy. Pity, too, is plain.
Take with it reverence and praise and love.
Count all the souls, some great, that drank of
streams

Flowing from out that head. Count all the hands
That plucked his flowers, one named Cristabel,
Half grown, with half its petals, still so sweet
Its perfume poets press between their leaves,
And know not where they plucked it. Mighty
poet,

Rich in thy weakness, high philosopher,
Whose home is in the solemn heights! Thou too,
Dost as a god smile down on thy loved vales;
Thy face is mirrored in thy mountain tarns.
And other heights there are who have their names,
Sweet, grand, if not so lofty. Southey one,
Who by the side of Skiddaw rose to fame,
Founded on faith and fair integrity,
Whose stream of poesy ran easily,
Whose stream of prose was wholesome, clear and
strong,

Himself loved Wordsworth, and was loved by him.
Of him and Skiddaw, brothers on her banks,
Let Greta sing for ever. Martineau,

De Quincey, Arnold, other hills there are.
But let us gaze on Arnold. See the boys
Run up and down his sides ! See his brave head
That beckons them to climb ! See how they rest
On his broad shoulders ! Feel the freshening wind,
That ever beats around him. Feel the sun,
That there is no lethargic, tropic heat,
But bracing, clean, actinic, nerve their souls
For brave adventure in God's world of woe,
And work, and grace triumphant. As my hand
Unconsciously I raised, to wave his praise,
And shouted, that awoke me from my dream,
But still I blessed the black hills all around,
And those white presences surmounting them,
As from my bed of bracken I arose,
Saw great Bow Fell still watching, rock to rock
As down I clambered, where the sheep and birds
And all the valley folded lay in sleep ;
But overhead, thro' the kind veil of night,
Heaven tingled with a thousand eyes of stars.

Good Hope Corner

WE came all flurried in a fevered train,
And, leaving Taunton with her graceful tower,
Drove north towards the Quantocks and the sea,
Anticipating rest and friendly hands,
And leafy house and garden, which we found

Fairer than promise. But a thing more fair,
 A sweet surprise that stirred our hearts and souls,
 Making the earth rush up to kiss the sky
 Falling to meet her lips, came first and set
 That day in diamonds. A corner house
 Close to the road, a dusty corner house,
 Not beautiful, not ugly, just a house,
 Some flowers smiling through its hawthorn hedge,
 Some lofty elms flecking the lawn with shade,
 But common, easily forgettable ;
 Almost forgotten, when a friend observed,
 A word thrown in to pass the time away, .
 To please the stranger, such as love to hear
 Any old bit of gossip. 'See that house ?
 They call it Good Hope Corner. There 'tis said
 That Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, used to
 meet.'

Well, I suppose my face retained its mask,
 My voice its usual tone. No doubt I smiled,
 Said 'Yes, of course,' to some next kind remark,
 About the weather, or the apple crop ;
 But how my heart was charmed and drawn away
 Far, far away to Lakeland, or more near,
 To where the Quantocks 'twixt us and the sea
 Pushed up their rounded heads. What, Southey
 too ?

Well, he was honest, noble, and a force,
 A poet too, though not among the gods.
 But Wordsworth, Coleridge, in that dingy house,

Met, talked, and sang ! Why, 'tis incredible.
For it should burn with flowers ; song on song
The birds should carol there, and never cease.
For when the lark had heralded the morn,
From her own 'glorious privacy of light,'
And bird to bird had passed the torch of praise
The whole day through, the throstle for the eve
Should sing a requiem, in such full notes,
So varied, that the rival nightingale,
Charmed once, for this, from his more eastern realm,
Could but prolong her ditty, strain by strain,
The thicket tingling with the harmony,
The stars accordant with their pulsing eyes,
Until the sun must kiss once more the east,
And in his rosy cradle day is born,
And once again the lark uprising sings.
Thus for these great twin brethren should this house
Be decked and sung for ever. Now it stands
In dust of roads and dull obscurity,
With just its meagre share of tree and flower,
With but a passing comment for its crown.
Good-bye, then, Good Hope Corner, happy name
With happier connection, ne'er shall fade
Thy simple vision from my mindful eyes,
Thy memory from my heart. Ye, blessed friends,
Who nestle 'mid your gardens and your streams
And orchards, streams which from the Quantock
Hills
Bring their own poesy of rippling joy,

Above your home did Wordsworth really walk,
And Coleridge, and with them a wondrous third,
Born of the magic mists, and sea beneath,
And tales of travels, and the poet's mind,
That Ancient Mariner, who holds us still
With that same glittering eye, and still shall hold,
Aweing and charming, while the children's eyes
Grow large with wonder, while the elders' hearts
Be warm with worship? May I come again
And wander o'er the hills, and muse and dream,
Until the two appear and walk with me,
Wordsworth, not yet the old man musical,
Dreaming in nature's bower, Coleridge, friend
And brother poet, not yet wrapt in mists
Of metaphysics, but so youthful both,
With all the world before them, and their minds
Equal to take in all the world, and forth
To let it flow in streams of love and fire?
O happy friends, whose home is 'mid the spurs,
Bosky and streamy, of those Quantock Hills
Where Coleridge walked with Wordsworth, may I
 come,
Come once again, and walk and talk with you,
And then be silent, dream that pair supreme
Of poets gaze on us with eyes like stars,
And wake and find the dream not wholly false,
Indeed so true that all our after life
Must quicken with its memory? The thought
Of coming is too sweet. But may I come?

The Old Town Garden

HIGH fruit-treed walls do hem it in ;
Odd twisting trunks denote it quaint ;
Clumps of white may and yellow whin
Do make the air both wild and faint.
The background of high trees it lacks
The town makes up with chimney stacks.

On its straight path of well cut grass,
Bush bordered, hot the sun doth beat,
As at June's noon we dawdling pass
To seek a cool and shaded seat,
And list, half-grateful, to the noise
Of bees, and busy birds and boys.

So near the town and yet so far !
A fine seclusion of its own
Doth interfuse the things that are
With such a grey poetic tone,
This moss, that bird, the wall, the sky,
Fall into pensive harmony.

Our talk is drowsy, like the air.
A constant town and country hum,
A soft duet, doth well prepare
Our minds for dreams that gliding come,
While old world voices laugh and weep,
Murmur and mingle with our sleep.

But evening is our garden's time ;
Then it is all itself and more.
Of sight and sound compact a rhyme
Stirs in the leaves ; the long before
Is here, the shadows' trembling ways
Pointing us back to dim dead days.

The sun is set, the smoky mist
Transfigured to a crimson veil.
The time, the time for lovers' tryst !
A cow lows from the distant dale.
A long long pause. Now, yonder see
The ghosts steal from the mulberry tree !

Last year, when, in the famous gale,
The main bough crashed upon the ground,
Was heard a thin and piteous wail,
So thin, it pierced all other sound,
An exquisite unearthly pain,
A spirit's spirit rent in twain.

We nailed a sheet of zinc across
To hide the harm the storm had done.
Can such dull metal heal the loss
The pale ghosts feel, when in the dun
Sweet gloom they miss the deeper shade
That bough for centuries had made ?

As they have always stood, they stand
(Ghosts are not changeable like men)
Face touching face, hand locked in hand,
She looks up past his eyes, and then,
No more those brown protecting bars,
But only the cold staring stars.

She drops his hand, she burns with shame?
(Ghosts are not changeable like men)
She closelier presses, breathes his name
With deeper love. The clock strikes ten ;
And ten sighs are his witnesses,
Heard by the mindful nodding trees.

Ten sighs, and one long kiss between,
Not heard but felt. Not yet awhile,
Because the light has come between
Their secret and their souls, shall smile
The curious stars and pranky fays.
They loved too dearly in those days.

Alas, not wisely but too well !
The old, sad truth flows on apace.
The stars no more are visible,
A cloud is drawn across their face.
Gently, but gently let us creep
To see where now the shade is deep.

One moment, a half roguish glance—
 'Tis strange pale ghosts can smile so well !
 Then up and down the lawn they dance
 With stately step. What though their knell
 Be close, they dream not in their joy
 Of any doom, dear girl and boy.

And then. Ah then ! that word of harm,
 So full of pain and sad surprise !
 Amid the minuet's pure charm,
 He passes from her pining eyes,
 And she, a poor bent spectre stands,
 With thin grey hair, and withered hands.

White now the roses of her cheeks,
 But calm her look and high her mien ;
 And when with faltering age she speaks,
 The memory of what has been
 Draws comfort from those cruel scars,
 For her a sister of the stars.

'Tis gone, but ghostly voices yet
 Tell to our keen and pitying ears
 A tale of death, and love's regret,
 A burthen of long vanished years,
 A breath that makes our heart grow pale
 Like her own cheeks, a sad, sweet tale.

But who could give that poesy,
 That magic falling from the leaves,
 Those hints, that essence of a sigh
 Only the pitying heart receives,
 And that long cadence at the close?
 Is silence best, or rhyming prose?

Silence. Thus hearts can dream the more.
 Such dreams are sweet. Ah, old grey tree,
 In thy old heart thou hast a store
 Of half told tales, which flit and flee;
 But in the grateful musing mind
 Leave what a wondrous charm behind.

Her Twenty-first Birthday

HER birthday! She is twenty-one to-day.
 What gifts to give? What loving words to
 say?

What for her future most to wish and pray?

We'll give her what we planned a month ago,
 Those moonstones set in silver, flowers in snow,
 Pretty and simple; such she likes, we know.

We'll say kind words that shall both play and please.
 We'll kiss her face. In private, on our knees,
 We'll pray, oh! not at all for selfish ease,

But that she may to all a blessing prove,
 May train God's children, by His perfect love
 Passing through her, to strive for things above.

She goes to-morrow to her life-long work,
 Her babes to educate. She will not shirk
 Her duty ; she will find the pearls that lurk

Beneath hard shells. To-day she's twenty-one,
 Strong, hopeful. From the clouds shines out the
 sun.

Her dawn of womanhood has just begun.

Alas ! alas ! We laid her in her grave
 Just two weeks since. She, ever strong and brave,
 Fought death too well. Nought could our darling
 save.

No word she spake, while fainter grew her breath,
 And trembling ceased. She slept into her death.
 'Not dead but sleeping,' as the Scripture saith.

But she is dead. Upon her natal day
 Her dawn of womanhood, what can we say ?
 What can we give ? What can we ask and pray ?

She is gone from us. But, by that green mound,
 We can at least plant ferns and snowdrops round,
 And every Saturday keep trim the ground.

Thence we will try and look with her keen eyes
O'er the rich valley that beneath us lies,
Through trees and hills to mountains in the skies.

She loved to look at them. We'll look with her,
A free, far look. Oh ! would we might transfer
To her heart thoughts within our hearts that stir.

We can, perhaps ; so give her all we are,
And can be. This warm light shines not from far ;
She glows within our hearts, a breathing star.

She gives more than she takes. But we will give
Our prayers still. If loving souls forgive
And not forget, our prayers too shall live.

We will not yield to death, that cowards do.
It is her birthday, and the sky is blue
Between the storms, and so we will be true,

True to ourselves and her. She is not lost,
Our flower is not faded, through one frost
That checked the blossoming of her Pentecost.

Checked ; nay, developed. As a sign of this,
Our faith, our hope, a sealing of God's kiss,
The coloured wings that cleave the chrysalis,

The church shall have a window. Where her eyes
Once gazed, in what bright robes and bright
surprise

Shall angels gaze, to where beyond the skies,

Or very near (that will not painted be)
The Saving God, dear child, shall welcome thee
E'en now, to what those blessed angels see.

Perhaps one angel's happy, peaceful face
May have a touch of thine, without a trace
Of earthly sadness, in that growth of grace.

We'll look upon that window as we pray,
And trust, God helping us, to find a way
To give our gifts, to say what we would say,

To hear what we would hear. And, when we weep,
It will not be because thou art asleep,
Or dead, but this, because we dare to peep

Beyond the veil, and see thee in thy rest
And His, so learning, doing His behest,
With Him, and with us still. Well, that is best.

The Two Songs

(Elsdon)

THE out-song. O'er a stretch of poor
Rough land, from brown and rolling moor,
Below a rolling, cloudy sky,
Cometh a long and plaintive cry,
Pausing, then piping out anew,
The grey song of the grey curlew.
The in-song. Through a window hung
About with briar spray and tongue
Of ivy, gleams a cosy room,
And, issuing thence, a faint, low hum,
A note that never rises higher,
A kettle singing on the fire.

O waste of life and tempest tossed,
The home of wet and wind and frost !
O wild desire, O wild regret,
When all is lost, that wishes yet !
O rough, rough strife, and fret, and pain !
Hark, 'tis the curlew's note again.
We turn to thee, a welcome song
After this tale of woe and wrong ;
Thy even note is full of home.
Why should we ever further roam,
Content with cheerful books to bide
And comrades, by our fireside ?

The steam that makes this lullaby
 Imprisoned 'neath the earth may cry,
 And roar, until it bursts its chain,
 Then fall the driven stones like rain ;
 And desolation rears her head
 Where peace and happiness have fled.
 The curlew has her simple nest,
 Where, 'neath her grey but mother's breast,
 The egg-lives into being move,
 Her song a song of anxious love ;
 And oft the struggling sunbeams stir
 A gladness in the moor and her.

Come, let us leave the warmth behind,
 And plunge into the rain and wind,
 By tarn and scar, by crumbling dyke,
 O'er quaking moss, and sunken syke,
 From hag to hag of tussack grass,
 The wild sheep watching as we pass.
 The rain is beating in our eyes ;
 The peewit's scream, the curlew's cries
 Are with the storm in harmony,
 And with them and the storm am I,
 As 'neath the gibbet lone we stand
 And gaze upon the deluged land.

But sated with the sight, we turn,
 And feel far off the embers burn,

And see the little window glow,
 And think how friendly feelings flow
 And friendly talk behind its gleam ;
 And then, as quick as in a dream,
 We too are there. Upon the hob
 The kettle hums ; our best hearts throb
 To hear its music. But I steal
 Away, and ope the casement, feel
 The moor wind blow, and, whistling through,
 The faint cry of the far curlew.

On the Moor at Midnight

IT is the kingdom of the full orb'd moon,
 And Jupiter and Venus and the stars.
 Away with all the dull day's doleful jars,
 In night's own afternoon.

Pained man with all his troubles is asleep,
 And all his pride ; and Nature too is still.
 Not yet, not yet, while from yon higher hill
 Repeats that gentle cheep !

A little bird it is that leads us on,
 A perfect honey-finder, till the brow
 We reach and gazing stand, as for us now
 Spreads the vale's silver tone,

It's light and music ; folds of gauzy mist
 Suffused with lustre, showing through its streams
 The distant hills, and heather touched with gleams
 Of silver spears. But list !

But list ! For it is not the eye but ear
 That mostly marvels. Hail ! The bridal night
 Of all the birds ! They charm the pearly light,
 And charge the atmosphere.

They harmonise it to rich waves of sound
 Breaking upon the ear with faery spells,
 As though the tender tones of flowery bells
 Were growing from the ground,

Or from the stars were falling. Where are words
 Fit to record that first momentous feeling
 When we stood tranced, then, our rough steps
 concealing,
 Passed down to meet the birds ?

We felt intruders on some mystery.
 We raised the curtain, took a long peep through,
 And knew at once what ne'er before we knew,
 But now will never die.

We knew it, all the mystery of pain,
 And all its pleasure, all the chords of good
 And beauty, ah ! so feebly understood
 Until we reach this fane,

And pause and pray, and now can comprehend.
 And what great engine worked the miracle?
 The snipe's sharp fluty run, and, like a bell,
 The booming at the end,

The peewit's cry, the whirring of her wings,
 The golden plover with his long clear note,
 The curlew to his mate with silver throat
 That sings, and flies, and sings.

And once, and once again, an anodyne
 Of soft, deep bass, the little breaks of breeze
 Souging among the branches of the trees,
 The partsong of the pine.

Just this, my heart, and nothing more than this,
 Just nothing more than bird and sea and sky
 Linked to soft night in such sweet harmony
 A happy heart can kiss.

Good-bye to Lanercost

GOOD-BYE, thou bonny Lanercost ;
 In thee there's not a tiny planting,
 A bush of thorn, a stone o'er mossed,
 A meadow to the river slanting,

To Irthing running through my dreams
 With voices that will perish never,
 No flower that blows, no light that gleams,
 But now I love them more than ever.

For now when woods are banks of green,
 When on the haver feeds the sparrow,
 When pikes in solid ranks are seen,
 And all's a joy, my heart's a sorrow.

For when the harvest stands in stooks,
 And Carrock Fell is pink with heather,
 And boys pull down the nuts with crooks,
 Then must I leave thee altogether.

Next spring when on the Abbey walls
 The wall-flower stripes the red with yellow,
 When to his mate the throstle calls
 —In Morpeth shall I find his fellow?—

When lambs are leaping through the grass,
 And sycamores in buds are bursting,
 Then must that sweetest vision pass,
 To see it though my heart be thirsting.

In other places, other sights,
 We'll find, may be, a novel pleasure,
 But never such a gem, such lights
 Of heaven, such a constant treasure.

Kind land, good-bye, and kinder hearts,
Still kinder after ten years using,
Whom soon the breadth of England parts,
I'll ask, and yet take no refusing.

By every cup of tea, or shake
Of hand, or nod, or bairnie's prattle,
By every joke, by every crack
At lonning's end or cosy settle,

By every higher deeper theme,
Each hint of truth, each touch of feeling,
Each thought that made us more than dream
That God was there, Himself revealing,

By words and deeds that memory saves,
By lookings back and longings after,
By all the grasses on the graves,
By every tone of light and laughter,

Remember one who loved you well,
Who going leaves his heart behind him,
Whose words his feelings cannot tell,
And yet who'd write but tears do blind him.

A Thrush

OUR sun of gold has sunk too soon ;
But still, beneath a mellowed moon,
Thou singest out the jolly June.

The other birds may tell their tale ;
Sweet though they be, by thee they fail,
Our queen, our northern nightingale.

I sat and thought it was her song,
The strain so varied, tender, strong,
But then I knew I did thee wrong.

No mocking bird, to glory grown
By stealing others' tune and tone,
Thou hast a splendour of thine own.

The lark that climbs so rapidly
Her stairs of music, from the sky
Has not rained down thy melody.

The merle, with yellow guarded throat,
Has tried his roundest, fullest note ;
The warbler by the sedgy moat,

The blackcap, and the missel thrush,
The linnet in the holly bush,
Have sung and made a tuneful hush.

Their songs are many, fair and fine,
We love them ; but 'tis only thine
In hearts to pour such anodyne.

Perched on the hawthorn's topmost bough,
Thou hear'st thy mate, then high and low
Thy rich, ripe serenatas flow.

A splash of waves of silver light,
A trumpet calling to the fight,
A child's soft smile, a feather's flight ;

A lute that gives all lies the lie,
A half regret, an ecstasy
That with earth's colours tints the sky ;

A song, to which the pulses beat
Of scented petals, stir the feet
Of moths, and rolls the world complete ;

A song to which the tired heart
Clings as to life, from which to part
Were doubling death. Hush ! with a start

It ceases. Now we list in vain.
O silver songster, sing again,
No voice but thine can soothe our pain.

Our notes are false. We turn to thee
For songs that charm yet simple be,
For thou art strong and true and free,

Bearing the coloured clouds along,
And trees and hearts, a melting throng,
In one intense, symphonic song.

The Newsboys

LAST Saturday, as I was going down
Under our dripping trees to Morpeth town,
I came across a little group of boys,
Newsvendors. From the leaders came a noise
As of a band of music on the march,
The rest behind, a regiment stiff and starch,
At a quick step moved onward. For a flag
Two carried, wide spread out, a printer's rag,
A broadsheet, over which was printed large,
In ample letters with an ample marge,
The news that the Legations were relieved
In China, in Peking. My heart received
The impact of a sudden wave of joy,
The while the face of each bright laughing boy
Shone like an angel's. Though no bells rung out,
Flags waved, or people welcomed with a shout
The news, as when we heard of Mafeking,

Yet hearts throbbed quicker, did more deeply sing
With gratitude to God. That horror past,
But once so creeping nearer, that it cast
Its shadow o'er our souls, its stifling gloom
News threatening of torture and of doom,
That lifted, we can smile and scatter flowers.
We mourn the martyred dead, but feel the powers
Of good and God may somehow once again
Bring quiet labour to that vast sea plain,
Teeming with patient people, weave the peace
Of love and order, make injustice cease
For Chinaman or alien, spread afar
The wings of Christ's own angels, waste and war
To their dark dens drive back. A hopeless dream?
We thank you, boys, because it then did seem,
When you thus sported, almost possible.
Thus you helped God a little. Who can tell?

On the Wansbeck

BENEATH wide spreading beeches, here and
there
Tangled together, like wild wood nymphs' hair
Dipped in the flood, between a narrow space
Through which the sunbeams ran an equal race,
Eager to be the first to burn dry leaves
To yellow flame, or, where the beck receives
Their tender touch, with it to dance away,

Skipping and laughing in fantastic play
 To where the shadows hide them both together.
 A happy trout to match the happy weather
 Leapt and again did leap ; and children's laughter
 Rang out and rang again, and echoed after
 From banks or hearts. Ah ! such an afternoon
 Must e'er begin too late and end too soon ;
 For flowers fade, and sunsets die, and joy
 Is but a bright and wayward baby boy
 That sleeps long sleeps, and only wakes awhile
 To clap his hands, and smile an angel's smile,
 Then sleep again. But, 'ere the parting came,
 And day had died, a ball of bright blue flame
 Shone in the shade, and with a sudden play
 Flashed azure in the sun, and flashed away.
 'A kingfisher !' one said, or almost sang.
 Her voice, that vision through our senses rang,
 Rings yet. We close our eyes, and, kind as true,
 Our memory's sprites act the sweet drama through,
 The twining leaves, the beck, the ball of blue.

The Quartet

NO music on a morn so dull !
 So sighed my own sore heart to me ;
 And I sighed back, Ah no ! Alack !
 And yet my heart and I were wrong,
 And all the world was ripe for song.

It was the throstle who began,
High perched upon a leafless thorn,
But when her throat trilled out the note,
Loud, clear, that had no pause for pain,
The air began to throb again.

Long silver fingers clove the fret,
And curled its curtains up the sky.
The sun uprist, with welcome kist
The dewy bosom of the earth,
Which suddenly woke into mirth.

The crocuses amid the grass
Lifted their lids and peepèd through,
Then with surprise wide oped their eyes,
And, 'mid the warmth grown over bold,
Flooded the world with wealth of gold.

The flowery sweets of which they dream
They felt, the sleepers in their hive,
And soon rushed out with merry shout,
And all day, while their bags they bring,
A sweeter song ne'er ceased to sing.

So sun and flower, bee and bird,
Their quartet did harmonious join.
And soon their glee rang home to me,
Who quickly threw the window up,
To drink of their o'erflowing cup.

And then, by wizard nature charmed,
The four so blithely sang their tune,
Somehow joined I their harmony,
With voice or heart, I wonder yet,
And changed their theme to a quintet.

To an Organist playing once more
on his well-loved organ

THROUGH the church, the angels flying,
Silver-plumèd cherubim,
Heard some echoes, dying, dying,
Heard no more or chant or hymn.

All that throng of notes, that glory
Flooding transept, aisle, and nave,
Just a wreck that told its story,
Just the silence of the grave.

So, with veiled and weeping faces,
Singing—but they could no more—
Passed they from those ruined traces,
What they had so loved before.

But one, tenderly returning,
After months of sad exile,
Saw a sight which, inly burning,
Charmed his sadness to a smile,

Made him fly and fetch his fellows :
In they rushed and floated round,
Waiting till the tardy bellows
Rise, and comes the welcome sound.

Then, with poisèd wings or folden,
Gladly, gone that long despair,
List they, in such silence holden,
That we see not they are there.

There they are, and still are listening ;
And their eyes, of burning blue,
With unselfish love are glistening,
As we feel the old, the new.

Phoenix, from her ashes rising,
Hear the songster run her notes,
With new harmonies surprising,
Trilling from her hundred throats !

Erst those strains of music bore us
Higher than we dared to dream ?
Listen now to the great chorus,
Listen to the growing theme !

Mind and spirit upward soaring,
Voice and instrument at one,
Hear the caverned lions roaring !
See the setting of the sun !

Smell the rapture of the roses !
 Know the throbbing of the sea !
 Feel what only death discloses !
 Think the thoughts that cannot be !

Here Prometheus placed the fire,
 Stolen from the heart of things,
 Here Apollo tuned his lyre,
 Here, still charming, Orpheus sings.

Handel, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven,
 Haydn, Spohr, and Mendelssohn,
 Here have Music's robes inwoven,
 Warp the tune and woof the tone.

Zone with fancy's gems inlaiden,
 Crown with purest thought impearled,
 Scroll her sceptre, see the Maiden
 Rule the genius of the world !

Yes, but keener still our blessing ;
 Here, with spirits leading them,
 Saints triumphantly are pressing
 To the New Jerusalem.

Music, music, silvern, golden !
 To its strains when we have trod
 Marching, singing, 'twill embolden
 Us to find the face of God.

Chords, in ecstasy euphonious,
Master's hand the page that scored,
Sound that hearts may chant harmonious
To the glory of the Lord.

In Memoriam

J.F.B.

'T WAS but a year ago, one April morn,
When spring's new buds within the trees were
born,
Fresh bursting into life, that he was found
Within their shade, their guarding branches spread
O'er him who living loved them, but now dead
Lay without answer cold upon the ground.

The birds he loved so, sang his requiem
That April morning ; oft he'd watchèd them,
As all in nature he would watch and love.
It was in him an instinct and a duty
To see in all things such a soul of beauty,
As lifted his own soul to dreams above.

But not alone in nature : man or woman,
Sinner or saint, he found in all things human,
Some vein of humour, more than touch of kin.
And thus in Burns, and in that Revolution
Wherein the people dared their wild solution
Of doubt by blood, the man eclipsed the sin.

And all the kindness which in man he found,
 And more in nature, echoed in the sound
 Of his grand organ which he loved so much,
 That, while his deft hands pressed the answering
 keys,
 A rapture of man's heart, a freshening breeze,
 Gentle or strong, was drawn out at his touch.

'Twas not alone the music that we heard ;
 But trilled upon the bough the mating bird,
 From some lone life sin's ugly nightmare fled,
 Spread out the petals of sun-opened flowers,
 On thirsty leaves and hearts love's kindly showers
 Fell softly, died away—And he is dead !

Good-bye. The sun is clouded for thy death,
 Less flowery the spring, his winsome breath
 The lark rings down less sweetly from the sky ;
 E'en music fails, for through it all did sing,
 Beethoven, Bach, impromptu 'wandering,'
 Thy soul's own voice, now silent. Friend, good-
 bye.

But welcome still, for spirit links with spirit ;
 Hands part, not hearts ; and souls from souls inherit
 Their being. Music hushed, floats on the tone,
 Impressed on air and soul survives its essence.
 And thus by stream, in church, we feel thy presence.
 With God, nor thou nor we are left alone.

Alnmouth

A T Alnmouth on the grassy ridge
That parts the river from the sea,
Landwards we gaze, as from a bridge,
Down on the river, winding, winding,
With knots of purple water binding
Together ploughland, wood, and lea.

We lose it soon among the hills
That slope to Alnwick's nestling town
It feeds the fish and works the mills,
Reflected nature blending, blending,
Its moving mirror, as ascending
It seeks its cradle and its crown.

We note the blue braes whence it came,
But ruddy now with sudden fire
Of death that sets the skies aflame,
The sun god's death that glowing, glowing,
To such an ecstasy is growing,
Our hearts are burning on his pyre.

Our thoughts are following our eyes,
The crimson skyscape, through a grove
Of trees of cloud that ever flies,
Floating with such a motion, motion,
As though it rested on an ocean
Of nature's mystic light and love.

We turn, and see the dinted slopes,
 With ruddy bracken covered o'er ;
 The ocean paved with golden hopes ;
 The burnished wavelets breaking, breaking,
 The shingle from the seaweed raking ;
 A beaten boat upon the shore.

The lazy waters hide her ship
 That bedded lies in Boulmer sands ;
 Though fastened in the beach's grip
 Her masts are gently swaying, swaying,
 The current's constant will obeying,
 But held in nervous, sinewy hands.

Her masts just tip the crescent curve
 Of sea and shore. But, turning south,
 Round and still round, the surge lines swerve
 To Coquet Island, standing, standing,
 Stedfast against the storms fierce banding,
 To guard her Coquet's castled mouth.

But, while we gaze, the glory's gone
 From land and sea. A hand of grey
 Has curtained all to monotone.
 See how the night is creeping, creeping ;
 And river, hills, and sea are sleeping
 Beneath yon planet's gentle sway.

The Poet of Poets

O'ER the moor alone I wandered,
Cold grey sky and cruel wind !
Aching to the heart I pondered,
Could the earth again be kind ?
The wet moss flashed a golden red :
That the poet's hue, I said.

On my bed I tried to slumber.
Wicked thought and ghastly sight,
Mingling without shape or number,
Blackened e'en that dreary night !
The dawn its soothing twilight spread :
That the poet's light, I said.

Shaking thuds of monstrous hammers,
Drums and trumpets, strident, hoarse
Foolish curses, vacant clamours,
Screams of hopeless, mad remorse !
Hush ! a robin's note instead :
That the poet's voice, I said.

Pain of madness, melancholy,
Pain of pride and pain of strife,
Utter void of what is holy,
Baffled hope, and stagnant life !
A kiss that cooled my aching head :
That the poet's touch, I said.

Virtue starved and unavailing,
 Chilly night and scorching day,
 Life made up of trying, failing !
 What to do but pass away ?
 Strong hands plucked me from the dead :
 Now the poet's self, I said.

Scarlet moss, and morning pearly,
 Song of bird and kiss of peace,
 Flow of effort late and early,
 Gentlest thoughts that cannot cease,
 Calm through every nerve that spread !
 God's the poet, then I said.

On the Smale

AS fair a spot as ever nature made !
 The burnie falls beneath high craggy rocks,
 Broken, o'erhanging, dropping such a shade
 That from his tunnelled home peeps out the fox
 Almost unseen, the while with gentle shocks
 Singing the water issues on the glade.

Salvator Rosa might have painted thus,
 Its gloom but not its brightness. Groups of fern,
 And scarlet rowan berries welcome us ;
 From curling stems springs up at every turn
 A tiny larch or birch ; like torches burn
 Pink fox-gloves 'mid dark grasses luminous ;

Soft saxifrages from moist mossy stones
Spread their pale disks ; the burnished buttercup
Hangs trembling from a niche ; from verdant
 thrones

Peep out the purple blaeberrries ; high up
Stretches the daring heather. In a cup
Far, far below, she sees her fainter tones.

Tips with faint red one bank the slanting sun ;
Through twigs and heather falls a blue-grey sky
On lichened rocks. Of alien sound is none,
Only the waters', save when once on high
A curlew wheeled across the narrow sky,
Crying as though her wild lone life were done.

Then a brown colley peered at us and went,
Seeing we were more foolish than the sheep,
To sit among the banks and midges pent,
Sketching or making verses. Half asleep
An old grey rabbit down a bank did creep,
And crossing with the greyer rocks was blent.

It seemed as 'twould be always evening there,
All troubles of the day for ever past,
Sunk 'neath the fell it's glory and it's glare.
Now the soul's twilight life hath overcast
With welcome shadows. Would that it might last
For ever ! Could there be a death more rare ?

We cease to paint, we cease to write. A swoon
Of sweet and pensive melancholy falls
O'er hearts that sup on reverie. But soon
From all the braes slip down their dusky palls,
The air is full of soundless madrigals,
As through the haze up sails the crescent moon.

A smuggler once 'tis said, chased fast and far,
Leapt the ravine and so escaped. 'Tis said,
And may be true or may not. Such things are
Far distant from the feelings that are fed
By this fair scene of quiet. Look instead
How through the rowan glints one gentle star !

The Laburnum

TREES over trees of plaited gold,
Bells, bells of gold that never rang,
But still their music round us rolled
While the air thrilled. A scobie sang,
A herald in his herald's dress,
To emphasize the loveliness.

But that was Spring. 'Tis Autumn now,
The leaves are dull, the pods are grey,
What trees could have a sadder brow
Than this poor slave? Was she once gay
In queenly guise? Who could remember
What she once was, now in September?

Nay, nay, she's dying. Vex her not,
But look, against her dark green wood,
'Tis gold ! And there's another spot.
A miracle ! Spring's golden blood
Still throbs within her. She receives
The last tinge in her fading leaves.

Dear tree, if well I loved thee then,
I love thee better now. That dross
Was vulgar in its richness. Men
All stood and gazed. But in thy loss
To find such gain ! Why, here a lover
Could sigh a pathos three times over.

As thus, the gold of wedded life,
The gilded honeymoon long by ;
Or, friendship's gold that crowns the strife
In which all gilded flatterers fly ;
Or, such pure praise as killed the curses
With which the critics blest your verses.

Or—well, but let me have my turn.
I saw an old man yesterday ;
In youth, he said, his heart would burn
With zeal, then came a long decay
Of love and light and pure desires,
Until God touched the smouldering fires.

It glowed, old age's golden youth !
 He never yet had breathed such love.
 That rich design, those threads of truth
 God's sunlight through his weakness wove.
 Then boast, brave Youth, thy floods of flowers ;
 Age, gentle Age, has golden showers.

Rhona

IT was the sweetest autumn day
 That ever eye had seen ;
 She lay amid the heather,
 And fancied her a queen.

Only a tired gipsy girl,
 The slave of all the camp.
 Her arms were marked with cruel blows ;
 But naught availed to cramp

Her sense of God's own splendours
 She once had felt or seen ;
 She lay amid the heather,
 And fancied her a queen.

On robes of richer purple
 Did ever monarch lay ?
 Around his head, with cares bested,
 Did e'er such breezes play ?

And could before his closing eyes
Have stretched a sweeter view,
Than the sun here made, of bloom and blade,
And hills, and the back of blue.

By him might buzz his councillors
Intent on place or money.
The bees that sung her eyes to sleep,
Were singing out the honey.

Bell heather made the buttons
With which her shawl was dight :
The potentillas 'mid her hair
Were golden stars in night.

But oh ! her face was fairer
Than any bloom or star :
And her heart it was the richer soil
Where God's own blossoms are.

She lay amid the heather
So full of dreams and sleep,
She never heard young Robin Burd.
A telling of his sheep.

But when he strolling found her
Her neck all bronzed and bare,
He knew his queen, for he ne'er had seen
A sight more simply fair.

And all his heart went out to her ;
 But hand and mouth were dumb,
 Save that he touched her forehead
 And whispered, ' Queenie, come '.

Amid her dreams she crooned a song,
 ' Love, kiss me ; far is near.'
 He knelt and kissed her on the eyes,
 Still whispering, ' I am here ' !

She woke, and laughed a long glad laugh,
 And knew she'd dreamèd well.
 And still she queens it o'er his heart,
 The Laird of Horsley Fell.

April Showers

APRIL showers from the North,
 Frost and snow have sent you forth ;
 Icicles your fingers are.
 Though cold suns between you glitter,
 Ye for Arctic climes are fitter,
 There with winter wage ye war.

April showers from the West,
 Zephyrs be, the scobie's nest

Drench not rudely 'mid the thorn,
Let the primrose sphere her flowers.
Lo ! ye boisterous winds and showers,
Nest and bloom have tost and torn.

April showers from the East,
Need we bracing for your feast,
Such a plenty ye do give ?
Put the rough world on its mettle ;
Scorch not, stroke the tiny petal,
We must laugh as well as live.

April showers from the South,
Come and kiss me on the mouth ;
Come and kiss the buds to bloom.
Gently now the bluebells sprinkling,
Hear their little voices tinkling,
Quick and dress May's anteroom !

Go now, April showers, speed ye ;
Thanks, but go, no more we need ye ;
Your retreat the bees shall hum.
By this afternoon's completeness,
By its rich but wayward neatness,
By its sweetness passing sweetness,
May is coming. May has come !

The Robin

A LITTLE lawn. From rounded beds
Geraniums push their scarlet heads :
And roses, in their second bloom,
Are large and sweet, as if no doom
Of winter's frost were over them ;
And amber pearls the holly gem.

A purple beech, a cedar's boughs,
Beyond, an orchard field, where browse
A score of lambs, and romp and leap,
To turn, too soon, to sober sheep.
A pond whose rushes catch the light,
A creepered cottage, black and white.

The lawn is loved by many a bird,
The owl's keen scritch is oft-times heard
At night, and in the dusky eve,
When sun and moon their shadows weave,
She her meandering quest will ply,
Like some grey monstrous butterfly.

When dawns the day, the missel thrush
Darts forth from her protecting bush ;
The wagtails run like silver streaks ;
The woodpeckers their heavy beaks
Now lift and drop, a workman's hammer,
Now ope to vent their joyous yammer ;

And twice the nuthatch neatly drest,
Her back with blue, with buff her breast,
Her prize 'mid cedarn bark has put,
And cracked the kernel from the nut ;
While sparrows, martins, wrens and tits,
Fly, perch, and chirp, by starts and fits.

By many a bird the lawn is loved,
Their love by many a song is proved.
But eke we know one little bird,
Unmentioned yet, whose voice is heard
Most lustily, and whom we see
Most often fly 'twixt lawn and tree.

Our hero has a light brown coat,
But o'er his ample breast and throat,
He wears his colours, scarlet red
Guarded with lavender. His head
He holds erect in pert defiance,
And in his pluck puts full reliance.

In August we would bend our ear
His first, faint whispered song to hear ;
And then we'd gravely question whether
It really was a scarlet feather ;
But now he rains his minstrelsy
From breast that's red as red can be.

One here, one there, three, four, five, six !
Their frolics and their voices mix.
Nor all is fun ; to furious war
One's champion challenge calls from far
A ready foe. They face each other,
And leap, and brother stabs at brother.

They often use their beady eyes
In searching 'mid the grass for flies,
They flutter, hop, a moment stay,
Then dart, like lightning, on their prey,
Seizing their spoil with beak or spur,
As well as any flycatcher.

And, if we walk upon the grass,
They do not let the insult pass,
But chatter curses from the trees,
Then roll a ring of melodies
As if no enmity had been,
Then fall to cudgels on the green.

And one, much bolder than the rest,
Makes of our room a larger nest,
And every morning comes again,
And hunts the flies upon the pane,
Seasons my dullest book with rhymes,
And, while I'm reading, pecks the Times.

Dear bird, what made you leave your clan
And use our house, and mix with man,
And take the dainty from my finger,
And still upon the bookcase linger,
To give us the last evening note
A-rippling from your tireless throat?

Is it, reformer bold, because
You dare to abrogate the laws,
Treat them, so sacred, as absurd,
Which draw the line 'twixt man and bird?
That iron gate, if aught can through it,
Your love and courage, friend, will do it.

We look into each other's eyes,
Without a faint touch of surprise
Or fear. Dear bird, for ever come,
And share our common heart and home.
Your head bend in that winsome way,
Who'd have the heart to bid you nay?

But, when the flyless winter comes,
Will you come still and share my crumbs,
Still perch and sing your comrade song?
Then, though in towns the world may throng,
And country hearts be far and few,
Here I will stay, and stay with you.

In Langdale

AS I sat by a rowan's root,
And watched o'er hills the shadows pass,
Quite motionless both hand and foot,
A gull came hopping through the grass,
Intent on pecking for his meat,
Nearer and nearer, twenty feet
From my half hidden, mossy seat.

And when he saw me, at the first
He started, raised his wings for flight ;
Then eyed me well, and, at the worst,
Took me for some strange wooden sight,
Some roots' and banks' outlandish freak ;
And once again his food did seek,
Still pecking with a fearless beak.

Then I, like Jeffries, closer sat,
And he came pecking nearer still ;
I looked at him beneath my hat,
He looked at me along his bill ;
Then slowly roused to a surprise
That such a wooden thing had eyes,
Spreading his wings, away he flies.

After I'd told my tale, my host
Told me the gulls were never known

In this deep dale until almost
The last great century had flown.
For at the welcome Jubilee
Of our dear Queen, he first did see
Them sailing over rock and lea.

For then, as he was stacking peats
Close to the summit of Bow Fell,
He heard, no lonely lamb that bleats,
No whaup her plaintive story tell,
No chat on wall that sits and sings,
No pewit tack its sails of wings,
But a whole flock of snowy things.

They whirled and rested on a rock,
And chatted o'er the adventure new ;
Then, one bird leading, in a flock
Down to the dale below they flew,
And, after flying all around,
Settled together on the ground,
As if at last a home they'd found.

•
With statue, or some finer plan,
Men marked that wondrous Jubilee.
'Twas well, but I prefer to scan,
O'er field and farm, o'er stream and tree,
High up the scars and rocky dell,
'Till from the summit of Bow Fell
Floats down that white-winged miracle.

Sacraments

GOD'S veins are everywhere. His blood incarnadines the world.

The tawny lion in the waste, the fly with silvery wings,

The sun that burns, the wind that shakes, the wave with cressets curled,

The book that scholars read, the bird for merriment that sings ;

All, all are His ; they echo Him ; He sees them face to face,

And through them stream the glow and gleam of sacramental grace.

All, all are His, the hope that wins, the hope that failing dies,

The strong and happy king in rags, the wretch upon his throne,

The man through doubt who feels for faith, the child who laughing cries ;

Christ lived and loved and died for them ; His kiss has made them one.

All, all are His ; they echo Him ; etc.

And all the good that's spurned as bad, and all the life that's dead,

And every little leaf that hides an embryotic soul,

Must twine a glorious coronal for His eternal head,
While brilliant stars burn out in space, and æons
onward roll.

All, all are His ; they echo Him ; etc.

But chiefly those who poised on prayer do in His
presence kneel,
And feel the tide of Love's own love through all
their being flow,
And know that neither life nor death can fathom
what they feel,
Because the Christ, the soul of God, is ever with
them now.

All, all are His ; they echo Him ; etc.

Who therefore ope so wide their hearts that into
them may pass
The temples of proud Athens, and Millet's evening
bell,
The orbits of the planets, and the little waves of
grass,
The harlot and the anchorite, the souls in heaven
and hell.

All, all are His ; they echo Him ; etc.

For, one with Him, they draw delight from all that
He has made,
The frost's fine lace, the rainbow hues that paint
the stagnant pool ;

The thunder of the mountains, and the murmur in
the glade ;

The artist's dream of splendour, and the pathos of
the fool.

All, all are His ; they echo Him ; etc.

Surprises

WHITE flowers of hawthorn fill the hedges
And May is full of sunny snow.

See, from the little cloudlike edges

Drop, drop, upon the grass below,

How many glinting stars of white !

But it is no reflected sight,

Just daisies, each with face too tender

And pure, to need a borrowed splendour.

The rich laburnum's golden hair

Rains down in tresses towards the green.

The wind's wild scissors love to tear

Her locks, and now in grief they're seen,

Weeping amid the grass their way,

Gilding its emerald. But, stay ;

They are the buttercups with glee

Mocking their sisters in the tree.

The sky is all of sunny blue,
A myriad Norse girls' dreamy eyes
Sheeted in one. Its depth of hue,
Lo, all the woodland valley dyes,
Wee dells that wandering 'mid the trees
Shift their blue tints with every breeze.
Nay, 'tis the bluebells' glorious grace
In their own humble dwelling place.

Once more, above, a holier glance.
Pierce through, and see the angel faces,
Such arcs of glory, such a trance
Of hallowed splendour, let their graces
Drop to our earth, till, mirrored thence,
They smile in perfect evidence.
'Tis only, in their usual way,
God's children, laughing as they play.

Kings and Queens

SUCH stars of celandines, such stars of gold,
Glinting and gleaming, 'mid their robes of green,
As though to claim by right, not overbold,
The sun their sire, each a dainty queen,
Or king ; yes, kings, each on his springing throne,
A thousand kings, each ripe to rule alone.

Such stars of daisies too, such stars of snow,
Pink tipped, as though by rosy touch of morn,
Snow absolute, to let their subjects know
By virgin grace, as to the manner born,
Their queens ; yes, queens, each on her cushioned
 throne,
A thousand queens, each ripe to rule alone.

White queens, but with a circle on each breast
Where kings have pressed their golden kisses,
 yield ;
Nor strive 'gainst love, who ruleth all the rest,
Kings in their courts, and flowers in the field ;
A thousand kings and queens, but on love's throne
Reigning together, never more alone.

To a Beech Tree

THY roots spread out strong buttresses ;
From these hard, bony, bending knees,
Upsprings thy trunk ; and other trees
Look up and rustling sigh,
To see thy plumage brave the breeze,
And small birds perching where they please,
And moths, and butterflies, and bees,
All glinting as they fly.

Up thy great trunk the ivy's stem
Climbs, twisting like a brodered hem
Its supple twigs, and mosses gem
Thy branches, low and high.
Spring weaves thee many a diadem
Of green, and autumn changes them
To golds so red, no winters stem
Their crimson jewellery.

Grand tree of beauteous, tender might,
How many a richest thought and sight,
When glows the sun, or in the night
The silver moonbeams try
To turn thy glistening leaves to white,
What hundred boons of love and light
Thou sparest of thine infinite,
To feed our memory !

But chiefly growest thou for this,
Though sweet thy other charms, I wis ;
Thy trunk is one great chrysalis
To breed a butterfly.
A pink-lipped willow herb doth kiss
Thy mossy feet, and ne'er does miss
Their warm embrace, and knows what bliss
'Tis there to bloom and die.

A Fire of Weeds

DAY after day of wind and wet !
But now the sun is shining, shining.
Its rays the dewy drops have met
And kissed, the glossy leaves refining
To pearls in silver set.

The trunk of smoke the holly climbs,
But soon is ever curling, curling,
And yellow arabesques betimes
Spread through it, as the breeze is twirling
The reek to golden rhymes.

Pile on the weeds. The spirals run,
Fold and unfold, are blending, blending
The earth and sky. Decay is done,
Its smoke of sacrifice ascending
To gaily greet the sun.

A March Evening

THE flush of Spring is in the air,
The birds and little flowers sing
With hue and voice a-carolling,
And all the world is very fair.

Around the grey-trunked sycamore,
Blue, white, and yellow crocuses
Pattern their carpet as they please ;
In Persia is no richer floor.

Where late the thick snow mantles were,
From golden tips of silver yew
Just now the coaxing breezes blew
A mist of pollen through the air.

The grey bird, and the black, his fellow,
Vary their music, touch the lute,
Or blow rich rounds upon the flute ;
No girl or string has voice more mellow.

Suffuses all an afterglow ;
Long wings on wings, where now did sink
The sun, of yellow tinged with pink,
Such as a southern land might show.

The clouds stretch out in broken bars ;
And now the Moon, now Jupiter,
Peeps out and makes earth's pulses stir
And throb with all the throbbing stars.

Parting at Dawn

THE sky is grey, ah ! grey as death ;
 The birds their little hoods
 Have drawn more tight, to make a night
 Amid the waking woods.
 The bending twigs their tiny tears of sadness
 Drop, drop ; but we may still feel glints of gladness.

Beneath dull skies the grass is green,
 The daisies have bright eyes.
 There is a smart when friends do part ;
 But Nature still is wise,
 And wreathes a twisted sweetness of our sorrows
 To crown the mysteries of long to-morrows.

A Death

WITH fresh white flowers strew her burial bed,
 Down in the dark dear earth make ample
 room,
 One more bright girl is in her promise dead,
 In more than promise, in her heart's best bloom.

From life's great theme one note is ever lost,
 One concord ever gained. Weep, mother, weep ;
 But smile. Such tears will not congeal to frost ;
 Theirs the pearl harvest which the angels reap.

At Sunset

THE rain drenched all the landscape grey,
And hid the splendour of the sun ;
But, like a king, he swept away
The mantle from his face, and shone
Most glorious, ere he died away.

Through the wet branches brown and green,
But with dropped diamonds fretted o'er,
Transfiguring the wrinkled queen,
He splashed the grey old sycamore
With golden glow and silver sheen.

The rain still fell, nor less the glow
Intenser grew, until like fire
Burnt the tree's heart. Could from earth flow
A keener beauty, more aspire
Up to the skies poets dreaming know ?

Yes, for the rainbow upward flung
Its streams of yellow, blue, and red,
Such crimson, o'er our heads, and hung
Framing the trees and clouds, and spread
Its rays our fields and souls among.

The rain still fell ; the tree still bore
 Her heart of flame ; its throbbing hues
 God's arch still reared, when—all is o'er !
 The sun is buried ! Can we lose
 Such loveliness for evermore ?

My Star

A WEEK ago the moon shone out
 With such a lustrous eye,
 The scene lay open all about.
 Through some transparency
 Was seen the inmost soul of things,
 Though round it still gross matter clings
 To make it die.

The moon shone with a glaring light,
 No sun, but yet the moon.
 No such broad glare disturbs to-night,
 Though—hush ! There strikes it's noon !
 But, softest of all things that are,
 Still shines my favourite ruddy star,
 Though setting soon.

The mist has almost sucked it in,
 But shines it still.

To make it common were a sin,
As 'twere to kill
Its way of shining on my soul,
Though it has never lit the whole,
And never will.

And yet I thank thee, star of mine.
It shineth yet !
No tears e'er fell from eyes of thine,
But mine were wet.
And never in thy stately dance
Didst thou look down and meet my glance,
But—it is set !

But it will rise again to-morrow,
Though thick the clouds may be.
Must clouds of mist be clouds of sorrow ?
Be sure, they hurt not me.
Let others fret, but for my part
I bear a star within my heart
That makes me free.

That star I like, but this I love ;
This monarch has no throne
But me. It fell not from above,
But ever floated on
And round me. As a hurtless flame
It wrapped me, fed me, it became
My star, my own

My star of night, my star of day !
 No moon can shed such bliss,
 No sun hath such an ardent ray,
 No star's most trembling kiss,
 Not e'en that soft red star could make
 Me shine responsive for its sake,
 As I for this.

And when that dies, and die it must,
 For best things cease to be,
 This still shall sparkle in the dust,
 While heaves the sparkling sea ;
 Time hath grey hairs ; the rust shall sever
 All links of adamant, but never
 My star and me.

Nature and I

THE burn is rippling tenderly
 The mossy stones among :
 The larch is moving slenderly
 Her fingers to the song,
 Yet on those fingers bright red drops of blood
 Tell of her fate and that of all the wood.

The burn is crying fretfully,
 No moss can quench her tears ;

On high the lark regretfully
Is trilling down her fears ;
Poor tired soul, ere reacheth she her heaven,
She with a downward force to earth is driven.

The burn with joy is shivering,
And sighing to be free ;
Through the low alders quivering
The river seeks the sea ;
That home she seeks, and never stays for breath,
Running to find in larger life her death.

And we who late sang sportfully,
As then, too, sang the burn,
Now share her sadness thoughtfully,
And up the moorland turn,
But first look back to where the larch tree stands,
And feel the farewell of her bleeding hands.

To E. Y.

(Lines written in a railway train while leaving
Rothbury on a March morning)

LIKE a crooked gleaming Eastern scimitar,
Laid on loose velvet slashed with flakes of
pearl.

So this March morning, as I saw your stream,

Your rushing Coquet, drive her sinuous way
Among low grassy knolls the recent frost
Had withered, and low banks of underwood,
Hangers upon her beauty, while the sun,
Just risen, slanting, lighted all her face,
That face so full of fresh respondent life,
To flashing splendour, lighting too the pools,
And paler whiteness of half-melted snow,
The remnants of your dozen weeks of storm ;
As from the window of the shakytrain,
Haply not running at the Scotchman's speed,
I saw the beauty, for a moment clear,
Then vanishing, there rushed into my mind,
Well, just the words as now I write them down,
Ten minutes after. Are they true or not ?
Mine or the river's, or a blend of both ?
True if the river's, false if only mine.
Still take them, I have nothing else to give.
And yet for what they feebly represent
(Poor Fancy, that would capture Beauty's self
And only caught a web of gossamer !)
I'd gladly give the best of all I can.
But best is bad when God Himself is good,
And best is bad when Coquet is the theme.
' Like a crooked gleaming Eastern scimitar,
Laid on loose velvet slashed with flakes of pearl.'
'Twill serve to keep in mind what it reflects,
As in the pond the moon is dimly seen,
As the child's face smiles back the mother's love ?

To the Poet

THERE is a richer glory of the flowers,
There is a splendour in each human heart ;
Nature and man, each has divinest powers.
Touch, taste them ; think and feel them ; make
 them ours.
That is thy part.

The Soul of Eventide

ASIDE the crisp dry snow we brushed,
And laughed, as down the path we slid.
But all at once our shouts were hushed.
Silent we stood perforce : the lid
Of our mind's eye was opened wide,
As from the river's brawl and mountain's side
Flew forth, and hovering hung, the soul of even-
 tide !

The Barley Field

NATURE was cloked in yellow-grey,
As through the barley field we strolled.
But soon the dense cloud swam away,
And o'er the field a ripple rolled
That touched each bending stalk to gold.

The field a sea of lustrous light,
 A golden diamond each stem
 Tipped as it curved, and flowers bright
 Gleamed, as if on the necks of them
 Some god had scattered gem on gem.

The sun has set, the glory fled ;
 Farewells wave all the darkling trees !
 Weep not, poor little yellow head ;
 The sun shall rise. In place of these,
 Thou shalt have richer necklaces.

To —

I THANK you for the purple flowers ;
 They almost scent their birthday card,
 Memorials of happy hours
 That could the wheels of time retard.
 They can do yet. Your brother's look
 And voice are with me as I write.
 Again he clasps a well-loved book ;
 Praises again the sweet and right :
 Again springs humour in his eyes.
 Such pictures make our dullness fly,
 And crown our saddest memories
 With stars of light that dare not die.

They cannot. God to us is kind.
And with the evil blends the good,
Until the lost, lost friend you find,
Homed as a guest in mind and mood.
And thus your life you think, and see
Changing from common scene to scene,
Until the old again shall be,
Far richer than it e'er has been.

To a Lady

A PEACOCK white 'mid golden oranges !
No bird, no oranges are quite so fair,
So golden red. The artist's wit was there
Ere grew that bird, those trees—
A peacock white and golden oranges.

A peacock white 'mid golden oranges !
We see her fingers hang among her silk,
Picking the rays of sun, the threads of milk,
For nature's necklaces—
A peacock white and golden oranges.

A peacock white 'mid golden oranges !
Worker and work in our glad hearts concur ;
We feel how part of it, and part of her

Commingle as they please—
A peacock white and golden oranges.

A peacock white 'mid golden oranges !
'Tis well sometimes to have a picture sweet
Waked by a word. Hereafter we shall greet,
With other visions, these—
A peacock white and golden oranges.

Millet's Angelus

THESE poor French peasants, simple souls,
But souls, amid their heavy work,
When o'er the fields the church bell rolls,
Put down her basket and his fork,
And fold their hands in pious prayer
To Him they worship here as there.

Their friends are kneeling in His House,
As they do oft, but cannot here ;
But still they make their earnest vows,
And, head and heart, they Him revere,
Who guards them, how they cannot tell,
But love to hear His evening bell.

In Memoriam

P. B.

I CANNOT, friend, be with thee when the grave
Receives thy body ; but thy eager soul
No earth can coffin. That must love and have
Nought but divine control.

A draper travelling from a little town,
Thy trade was also with the birds that sing,
With fields and fells, with ruins mossy brown,
With man, with everything.

Thy mind receptive took its toll of each,
And back to each some of thy mind didst give
In sympathetic verse or smile or speech,
Of which some hints do live.

And thou a kind of poem wert to me,
As to our friend, who loved thee well and long.
Thy book we have. It hardly mirrors thee ;
Thyself was thy best song.

O Ribble Scars

A Song

O RIBBLE scars,
Ye shine like stars.

But ye are far away, so far away !

Yet of my heart

Ye are a part,

And so ye shine to-day,

And so shall shine for aye.

To-day. For aye.

O strong brown river,

The sunbeams quiver

On thee, but far away, so far away !

But through my soul

Thy waters roll.

And so they roll to-day,

And so shall roll for aye.

To-day. For aye.

O Ribble friends,

Your memory blends

With theirs, but far away, so far away !

But close to me

Your face I see,

And yours, and yours, to-day,

And so shall see for aye.

To-day. For aye.

Creswell Bay

SOME flakes of pearl in a grey brown sky,
A curling bay, and a lazy sea,
A splash of gulls that fish and fly,
And fly and fish ; such an afternoon
That the spell of the evening falls too soon,
Should one tremble to think of the rise of the moon !

The dunes are the thrones of the shoreland spirits,
Their robes are the waves of the silver bent,
Their songs are the splash of the sea, and the
twirrets

Of the little grey birds, that pick at the gems,
The bright yellow flowers and pale ruby stems,
The spirits are twining to diadems.

Could man paint truth and the soul of truth !
Could man write, think, when his palette fails !
But dear are the dreams of eternal youth,
And fancy lasts though the low clouds pack,
While the children play, and the black boats tack,
And the sea rolls in, and the sea rolls back.

Harmonies

(Written while looking at a rose and hearing someone play on the piano, after a rest by the sea)

A RED rose rising 'mid long leaves of green,
Long waves of green that caught the rose's
form ;

And when the music climbed its whirl of storm
On which Beethoven rode, and laughed between
Each roll of thunder, then the rose waxed warm
And all its rubies gleamed. Anon serene
The green waves sunk, and shells below were seen,
Grotesquely grouped as by some runic norm,
For Grieg was sportive, but the sharp leaves curled,
Losing the grace supreme that first they wore,
And almost hid the rose. How soon upbore
The waves again their crests ! How shrank and
furled

The leaves their minor beauties ! But still more
The rose fire flamed, for Handel braved the world.

To the Author of a New Book of Poems

THANKS, man and poet. Out of dark despair
Thy words shine forth as stars ; their throbbing
light

Glow with a strength that is not of the night
Yet in it, proving that the night is there,
The night of slavish hate and careless care
And fevered fretfulness, where brothers fight

Their brothers, 'mid the blinding smoke and glare
Of burning homes. Dead is all sense of right?
Shine on, for thee the light of life is love;
And thus thy words are stars whose brilliancy
Guides the poor sailors when the heavens above
Are sunless, moonless. Pilot in the sky,
Shine on. Our arms are weak, our lips are dry;
And yet we row and sing, and yet the world does
move.

‘Whence, Whither’*

WELCOME, dear child, cast by the sea of time
On this our sandy shore. Keen is thine eye,
Though dimmed with hope; through earth's im-
mensity

Thy feet to course are eager. Where the rhyme
For thee to sing to, as thou still must climb,
Leaving the flats and brackish pools? Dost cry
For some strong Love to guide thee, till on high
His and thy heart to God's own beat shall chime?
Ah! whither? As we gaze and bless the bringer
Of such rich boons to men, the artist stained
With no base touch, the ever constant singer,
In coloured tones, of Love immortal, pained
Our hearts, ours too, scarce pulse. Lo, with curved
finger,

Death, the calm messenger! Thou hast attained!

* The title of a picture by Watts. He died while it was on exhibition in the New Gallery, 1904.

The Log Hut, Lanercost

ALONE I sat and sat. The flutter mouse
 Circled around my head. The throstle stirred
 And clucked, and roosted. Then at last I heard
 Our Irthing's welcome whisper. Not a house
 Draws off the eyes ; no faintest note of bird
 Or man or breeze breaks on the soul's carouse,
 While memory's hints, her sweet sad Thens and
 Nows,

Come, come and go, like some soft speechless word.
 Paler they grow, the Abbey's grey, grey walls,
 And paler, till their colour all is lost ;
 The trees absorb their outline ; darkness falls
 And blots them. Look, as a fond mother calls
 Her child, the moon's clear voice the vale has
 crost.

She smiles ! Again I fell in love with Lanercost.

The Moment

WITH yet South Afric cannon booming far
 Across the seas, her loving subjects' cheers
 Silent and drowned in their o'erflowing tears,
 The great Queen cometh in her funeral car,
 A carriage with its gun, for bloody war
 Still grasps the sword, and e'er her hopes and fears

She shareth with her million sons that are
To-day heartbroken in both hemispheres.
Behind her ride the mourners. On each hand
Her black-robed people crowd the silent street.
Emphatic of that silence, band with band
At intervals the awful tale repeat,
In solemn music. See a nation stand,
Then fall in prayer before their dead Queen's feet!

A Flight of Fancy

(Written by a Friend)

SWEET Summer and the swifts have come again.
Watching their flight, the long long years seem
lost,
And I am back again at Lanercost,
Throbbing with youth's keen joy and keener pain.
Just for one moment, as the breezy cry
Reaches mine ear, old memories are stirred ;
My soul is struggling like a prisoned bird
To break its bars and spread long wings and fly,
And fly far northward, northward where you are,
Friends of my youth, and find once more with you
Love, faith, and hope to bless my life anew.
Nay—but this may not be, for you are far ;
And I am bound fast by a threefold chain
Of thought and work and use, and dream in vain.

A Reply

BURNT grass, the ground all cracked, with lips
athirst,
A dead blue sky, an east wind from the fen,
A pile of letters drier still, and then
Your sonnet. Friend, how it did seem at first
We still were seated by those dear, dear walls,
Hearing the swifts' keen cries and whirring wings,
And deeper music, as the tower flings
Long, longer shadows, and night's rapture falls !
Not so. Such flowers never bloom again,
Too subtle was their scent ; but they are pressed
'Twixt your grey lines with some aroma yet ;
And if upon the earth still falls no rain
From ruthless skies, your poem rained a rest
On hearts that feel the soothing of regret.

'Betrayed by a Linnet'

(H. M. D.)

AND willingly betrayed. Her piping strain
Not only bindeth hedge and sky together,
So that the fleecy cloudlets know not whether
The clumps of hawthorn be not clouds, and fain
Are blue forget-me-nots to lose the pain
And dross of earth in that calm placid weather

Of God's blue vault ; which seems to call them
thither

As to their own eternal home again.

Not only thus ; but, as the linnet sings,

No nightingale, yet in her simple way

Touching the soul, poor artless worshipper !

Linking the truth and harmony of things,

' Betrayed ' ? nay, crowned. I too have found that
clay

Has diamonds in it, and can sing with her.

S. James' Hall

(May 22, 1905)

ONE more joy dying. Forty years ago
I sat, all ear and heart, with her and him,
Both dead long since, while Ries and Joachim,
Piatti too, made all the air to glow
And tingle with the theme, some angels' hymn
Which Schubert or Beethoven lured to flow
From heaven through their minds, that we might
know

How sound on earth the songs of seraphim.
Doomed to quick ruin, all that sacred hall !
The ribs are bare, the skull is broken through,
And twixt the bones falls London's surly blue,
And vulgar sparrows fly and chirping call
Monotonously. In its place the new
Sad shops will stare. Oh ! have we lost it all ?

Stay, soulless workman ; spare the ruins left.
'Twas Music's home. Nay, drive the crowbar in,
Though but a minute since it seemed a sin,
A sacrilege, to break the shrine, bereft,
Though now it be, of thrilling violin,
And broader 'cello. Music's woof and weft
By loss of roof or temple feels no theft
Of beauty. That kills not the soul within.
She buildeth for herself a spirit fane,
Not gross like this. Her roofs are coronals
Of movements light or solemn. Hark, she calls,
And temples rise and sink, and rise again.
Yet once, once more to feel within thy walls,
That joy of joys, that most delicious pain !

Richard Watson Dixon

GOOD-BYE, old friend, good-bye. Ah, never-
more

Shall I sit near thee, while my heart was nigher,
And hear thee touch thy well-tuned, gentle lyre,
Or harp more solemn ; drink historic lore
Run from thy ample storage ; mark the ire,
Thy generous scorn from bushy eyebrows pour
On specious lies ; or hear thy preaching soar
To God in periods of measured fire.

Historian, poet, preacher, saint, and friend,
Good-bye. Our God has other work for all,
And thou wast ready. But on us let fall
Some parting gift, some of thy wisdom send,
Thy grace profound, so we thy blooms may blend
With our poor leaves, and twine thy coronal.

Hark !

(1905)

HARK! Hark! There is a cry which rises, falls,
And swells again, a cry from Congo's flood,
Red as old Pharaoh's Nile ; which shakes the
mood

Phlegmatic of our easy minds, appals
Our hearts with horror. Gagged by lies renewed,
By scourge and rifle, still it loudly calls,
'Your shoes, your rubber rings, the very balls
Your babies play with, all are red with blood.'
Oh ! Is it true, my brothers ? Are the sands
Of courage run so low, that murderous bands
Have with impunity in torture trod
Whole tribes to death, at ours, the white man's
nod ?

And can the sufferers lift no suppliant hands,
But only those red stumps to Man, and God ?

Still Hark !

(1908)

STILL .hark ! But now the cry more faintly
rings

From those despairing rivers, woods, and sands.

How can they gather rubber with no hands ?

So limbs are left. But no less sharply stings

The whip of slavery ; and Justice stands

Without and only weeps, while cruel things

Are daily done, and terror's brooding wings

Darken what should be happy, sunny lands.

Rise, Christian brothers ; Christian sisters, rise ;

On hearts of rock strike hard like Moses' rod ;

This is no time for easy sympathies,

Or frothy indignations. Pray and plod,

Work in the name of justice, love, and God,

Nor rest, until this ghastly horror dies.

1745-1905

'PRIONS Tearlach !' Shout, and shout, and
shout again ;

Let the great mountains echo back the shout,

And all the burns and corries round about

Thy head, Loch Shiel, as through the August rain

The glad sun streams, and, craven hearts to flout,

Spreads the broad banner, lo ! Lochiel hath ta'en
And planted firm. Our King has come ! His
reign

To-day has dawned. Dead are despair and doubt.
Now at thy head, Loch Shiel, a tower stands,
And on it stands a weathered form in stone,
Tartaned, and looking to those dear lost lands,
For which in vain the bagpipes wailed, and groan
On groan mixed with the music. Cold, alone,
'Infelix,'* while the wavelets lap the sands.

Moile Castle

HAAKON was wise to build this fortress grim,
Whence erst that saucy queen with greedy
eyes

Stared in her stony boudoir, lest some prize
Should sail unseen through fog, or islands dim ;
We cannot love, yet thank we her and him.

And here within these walls, seven feet of woe
And hunger, barred she up her prisoners,
Chained in their kennels, worse than Highland curs ;

* On the monument to the memory of Prince Charlie
there are inscriptions in Gaelic, Latin, and English.

Starved them to ransom, crushed with threat and
throe.

I am her prisoner, but gladly so.

Broken her boudoir. Wider, then, the view
Of Skelpay through the Kyle : of fishing boats
Whiter than gulls that cry with hungry throats
For food, of low green isles they're sailing through,
Of cloudlets also sailing o'er the blue,

Of rocks that greenly twinkle 'neath the sea,
Of other rocks the lichen tints with gold,
Of heather pink, and yellow bracken, rolled
In rich profusion down to that full tree
Of rowan rubies ; all of this for me !

And all for me the distant Coolins, each
Distinct in hue and outline, cloudwards lift
Here a blue head, and there a sharp white rift :
And dames, black kirtled, sing their Gaelic speech,
And pink-legged lassies paddle on the beach.

The stonechat perches on the ruined stones
And gossips with her mate ; the buttercup
And daisy gem and pattern down and up
The dip, a dungeon once, whence groans on groans
Welled up, and she, more wretched, mocked their
moans.

I cannot leave such bitter thoughts behind.
 Thou with thy prisoners didst harshly play,
 But 'neath the surface thy rough heart was kind.
 They ate and drank ; thy fee perforce did pay,
 But in the morning laughing sailed away.

Ruairidh

RUAIRIDH, that is our island's name,
 How in the Gaelic people spell it.
 Somehow it makes me think o' hame,
 And, if you'd know the cause, I'll tell it.

'Tis not that gracious Loch Maree
 With little purple waves doth dash it,
 Or that Ben Slioch towers free,
 While cloud and sun with chequers splash it.

'Tis not that heather, holly, fir
 Do love to brown and green and pink it,
 With blaeberry and juniper,
 Until it grows too sweet to think it.

'Tis not that on the sandy shore
 Our tea we made 'neath rocks and drank it,
 Or that great gulls did sing and soar,
 Helped us to see the sky and thank it.

'Tis not that some kaleidoscope
Of memory may chance to gleam it,
'Tis not that we shall live in hope
That by and by we'll come to dream it.

'Tis not—but yet there is a cause,
Stronger than these, why we should love it ;
Though beauty has the best of laws,
The heart is still a peg above it.

The link that joins the dog and man
Is strong as love and life have made it ;
'Tis part of the diviner plan,
And man and dog have both obeyed it.

Your darling's name must touch your heart
Whene'er by chance one says or sings it,
And nothing gives a sweeter start
Than what to your remembrance brings it.

These rhyming 'Its' the mind may clog ;
So, not to make too long a story,
We have at home a little dog,
And he, too, has the name of Rory.

Loch Am Eilan

HER banks are bright with heather, birch, and
fir,
The scarlet fungus dimpling grass and stone,
The breezes making but the wavelets stir
To music on the sand. Peace, peace alone !
No sin for which this quiet should atone.

Ever the home of peace ! Upon that isle,
And on the summit of that tower grey,
Where now the softest sunbeams play and smile,
The ospreys have their home, and day by day
To their bald nestlings bring their finny prey.

And thence the savage Buchan, of the North
Once called the Wolf, his prey to rob and seize,
Hath often by that doorway sallied forth,
His boat, too, rocking with the gentlest breeze,
And harried what his wicked heart did please.

Where dwelt the Wolf, the osprey now doth perch,
His heart than hers in cruelty more bold.
He spared nor youth or age, nor home or church,
But hither brought his victims and their gold,
And here he penned them in his savage hold.

Poor Loch, hath peace, then, had no home with
 thee,
 Have violence and murder been thy glory?
 The scarlet fungus and the red fir tree,
 Are they blood stained? On that green pro-
 montory
 The block of granite tells a gentler story.

It tells of one drowned here at Christmastide,
 And so loved by his neighbours, that they set
 This stone to simply say so. Stones have lied,
 And ruffians killed. Here love and truth have met.
 Now we may leave thee with our hearts' regret.

At Dalwhinnie

HERE best you feel the mountains. On this boss,
 Heathered and mossy, 'twixt the Grampians
 huge,
 Rolling their awful buttresses to heaven,
 And sharply cut Ben Alder, his blue base
 Resting on dark Loch Ericht's sunken shore ;
 Here best you feel the mountains, feel their arms
 Enfold you, feel their keen and windy kiss
 Burn on your cheek, feel their stupendous heads
 Bending above you, feel their mighty voice,

Mighty but gentle, mixed of varied sounds,
The bleating sheep, the stonechats twittering,
The harsh bark of the raven, and the grouse
Flying and clucking, these, but chiefly two
Predominant, the river in brown spate
Dashing among the rocks, and, high or low,
The tense, eternal, tuning of the wind,
Now rustling through the heather and the fern,
Now changing, with the gusty spurts of rain,
To deep bassoons or viols. Then the scent,
Half tasted, of the myrtle in the peat,
The heather, and the peat itself ! Your mouth
You open and draw in your breath, as says
The Psalmist, fill your lungs, and nerve your heart,
With all the rarest spirit of the wilds.
The primal mountains' tone you taste and feel,
The essence of their life, their inmost soul ;
And whether bathed in sunshine, or, as now,
Capped with dark cloud, they have magnetic power
So potent that the ardent eye and heart,
Spontaneously receptive, lose themselves,
Their grosser selves, their merely human life,
In something greater, rise in ecstasy,
To where the cloudy summits brood, and gaze,
Yea, almost worship as they gaze, and gaze,
Sharing the life of Nature and of God.

Christmas and New Year Verses

1893-4

THE new year came, but not with ice and snow
 And biting wind. Lo ! here a primrose child,
 April anticipating, through the mild
 Warm earth thrust up his curly head, enow
 To make a golden star. The old year smiled
 In dying, so the new year in a glow
 Of love laughed audibly. Then let them blow,
 These ice winds. O'er warm hearts their snow is
 piled.

Friends, if that Christmas light be in our soul,
 Old Christmas wedded with our younger hope,
 Though through dark eves our frozen fingers grope
 For home, o'erhead the leaden tempest roll,
 Who cares? Grim storms that rushing waters
 bind
 Nor stay, nor dull, the dawns of the mind.

1894-5

CHRIST comes to us and with Him happiness
 Once more. We have our children round our
 knees ;
 And if without the waters stay and freeze,
 Here hearts beat merrily. The clear impress
 Of Christianity is here. The trees

Are leafless, some, but throbbing none the less
With life, and boldly greet the threatening breeze.
In England well we bear wild Winter's stress.
But there ! On Turkish hills the cruel blast
Through the green tree of life sweeps, sweeps
 along,
Rending its boughs ; and hearts beat slow at last,
And die, despairing die. Lo ! murdered, fast
A people dies. *There* is no Christmas song,
But groans and shrieks. How long, O God, how
 long ?

1895-6

IS there no balm in Gilead ?

Then find your balm elsewhere.

With drooping hands and face so sad,

Your mind and soul in sackcloth clad,

 Sit not in dull despair :

Of balm if there's a total dearth,

Here is the heaven and here the earth.

You born to tread all darkness down—

 No, modest soldier, no ;

Yet born to keep a running fight,

To show that love is more than might,

 To let the bondsmen know

The sun has lit the meanest sod

With smiles that greet the smile of God.

The January sun is low
 This birthday of the year ;
 And yet its light doth pale the moon,
 And on some glorious day of June
 'Twill shine so heavenly clear
 'Twill warm the hearts of birds and men.
 So shine you now, so shine you then.

Is there no balm in Gilead,
 And no physician there ?
 Ah, lift your face no longer sad,
 Not now with self's dark mantle clad ;
 By love emboldened, dare
 To meet the rapture of His eye
 Who dying kissed Humanity.

1899-1900

THE years do rolling move
 In smooth or jangling rhyme ;
 But sorrow, joy, and love,
 And reverence know not time.

And, when all times have gone,
 And all things mortal die,
 These, hallowed, shall live on
 In God's eternity.

So think, in this hot year,
When blood and tears outpour
From hearts that mock at fear,
That war shall be no more.

Think, in the dying days
Of this great century,
Those triumphs of your praise,
How they shall fade and die !

Shall surely die, whate'er
The pride and strength they give,
Unless they have their share
Of God's great truths that live.

For Love and Truth and Hope
Are more than lyddite shells.
Can science spectroscope
The joys of Christmas bells ?

What saves the universe ?
Of facts and books your store ?
Your guns ?—That English nurse
Tending that wounded Boer.

So Hagar in the sands
Brought water from the well,
With quick and loving hands,
For her faint Ishmael.

Thus, though long ages part,
And we be much more wise,
Still blossom with one heart
The distant centuries.

And then and now unite ;
And hate and bloodshed cease,
As pleads, e'en through the fight,
This prelude of His peace.

Think o'er these things and pray,
Pray, while the robin sings
In spite of storm, and stay
Your soul on lasting things.

Then centuries may go,
But progress will abide,
In spite of war and woe,
With God upon our side.

Then shall the pomps of war,
And every lust and lie,
Make a brave burning star
For Christ's Epiphany.

1900-1

THE old year dies, and dies a century,
So great, so sad ! For death with icy finger
Hath touched its heart and it no more may
linger,
Though in its death we almost seem to die.

So great, with all its great discoveries,
Too vast an ocean for our boat of rhyme !
So sad, with all its mountain waves of crime,
Its rocks of cruelty, its surge of lies !

How sad, when we must think of who have striven,
Those millions, for such lower, lowest things !
How great, when of some men an angel sings,
His comrades in impearling earth with heaven !

Our grand inventions in a year grow old,
As still another grander greets the eye.
Shall we be better when we learn to fly,
Or happier when we charm our slag to gold ?

Shall we be richer when we span the world,
And Britain's flag be planted at the Pole ?
Still onward will the years and ages roll,
And still our dust before the wind be whirled.

But still will love and joy and hope be young,
Not older then than in the primal age ;
The child will keenly turn from page to
page
Of life's fresh potencies, as yet unsung ;

The mother's kiss will be as precious then
As ever, love's long tale be softly said ;
Still must God's garlands crown the saintly
head ;
Still shall we greet the old, heroic men.

What though our weakness and our sins do live
Still, and still boast themselves? That pain
we bear,
Because we would not pray an empty prayer,
But for our brothers in the battle strive.

The coming century has come ! We go
Forward, with this dear blazon on our flag,
The Cross of Christ. Behind let cowards
lag ;
Singing Love's songs we march against Love's foe.

1901-2

THIS war, sad subject for a poet's song,
Where griefs and miseries and lies do throng,
Like a fierce mangled snake, drags its slow length
along.*

This war, which fills so many homes with fears,
To lonesome hearts in monstrous shape appears,
As a wild wrecking storm, that rains its path with
tears.

This war, whose doubts and deaths are never done,
Where victory is just but never won,
Is like a dull grey cloud that ever hides the sun.

And if some deeds are rich in colouring
Of hardy courage, faults about them cling ;
They, like an eagle wounded, limp with broken
wing.

But still wise deeds of fortitude abound,
And 'mid the horrors smiling love is found,
As springs a scented flower from rank marshy
ground.

* This line is adapted from Pope in his 'Essay on Criticism'—

'A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
And, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.'

War has its woes in bloody letters writ,
And yet some nobler traits are born of it,
As with faint streaks of dawn the ebon clouds are
lit.

Our soldiers have been free from cruel lust,
Patient in hardship, men to use and trust ;
So does a diamond sparkle through the hiding dust.

The nurse, with love and skill that never die,
Briton and Boer has soothed in agony.
Warmed with the smiling sun, the moorland mists
do fly.

And those brave foes whom now their conflict tries,
Shall view each other with how different eyes !
As magic music doth wild discords harmonise.

Let us be patient. Patience overcomes
More than the hail of bullets, roll of drums.
The trees will burst in leaf when the full spring-tide
comes.

And peace shall come again, that richest gem
That gilds e'en wars as it gleams back on them—
See, the bright star of hope hangs over Bethlehem !

1904-5

THE wintry sun scarce tops the trees,
Bare-branched, and only more doth freeze
The powdered grass, and slippery road,
Where yesterday it feebly snowed.

And yet 'tis noon.

But soon the sun will set ; the eve
Will give us all a fresh reprieve,
And we will draw our chairs still nigher,
Our books in hand, to this good fire,
And none too soon.

But what of those who have no coal
Or food to feed their blood and soul ?
And what of those who have no hope,
Whose cold years to the grave must slope,
Without a friend ?

And what of those with cash and coals,
Who heat their bodies, not their souls ;
Who pamper their poor lower life,
Death severs with his naked knife,
And there an end ?

Christ Jesus, make us think of them,
Our Baby, born at Bethlehem,
Our Saviour King, at God's right hand,
Make us to rightly understand
His word and will.

We guess in such obscurity ;
 So many millions pine and die
 In sin, and misery, and pain !
 In us, O Christ, be born again,
 And save us still.

Save us from selfish, dead despair.
 Lead us to wisdom, lead us where
 From heights, or depths, we may discern
 Thy goodness serve at every turn,
 And never cease.

The higher hope, the firmer faith,
 The larger love—What Jesus saith,
 May this our gleaming pole-star be,
 To pilot us o'er life's rough sea.
 Grant us Thy peace.

Thy peace, not lazy apathy,
 Where flames impulsive flare and die ;
 Thy peace, not philosophic ice,
 Nor pride, nor pious prejudice,
 Nor stoic gloom.

Thy peace, which rolls the spheres along,
 To winter flowers gives a song,
 Which boldly tells pale misery
 That love is her nativity,
 And love her doom.

Thy peace, which in the end the skies
And earth shall sweetly harmonise.
The curious brain and ardent soul
One shall become 'neath Thy control.

The very sod

We tread beneath our feet shall shine
And sparkle with a light divine ;
And all the many physic powers
Their choral chant shall join with ours
In praise of God.

1905-6

OLD year, good bye. Thy leafless branches stare,
Bearing no fruit, except an icicle ;
The sun that gilds thy lichens is so rare,
Only the robins chirrup. It is well.
We would not bid such a good friend good bye,
When all the earth's a-gush with jollity.

Good bye. We had with thee a happy time,
In spite of war and waywardness and woe.
Severe thou wast, our prophet, but thy rhyme
Flowed on towards the ocean ; all aglow
Shot thy sunrises ; all thy birds did sing ;
Our hearts' birds too, and sang back everything.

Good bye, good bye. 'Tis ill with friends to part,
 Such as thou wert. With us thou didst grow
 old.

And now——art gone ! But well for lonely heart
 It is to kiss a little babe, and hold
 That he will quickly grow into a friend,
 Though of his friendship, too, will come an end.

Thy hair is snowy white, but not with age ;
 If thou art feeble, 'tis that thou art young.
 Come to our arms. It is thy heritage
 That thou by us should nurtured be, and sung
 Boldly as one who should a hero be,
 A saint and hero. May God grant it thee !

And thou, when thou hast reached thy manhood's
 strength,
 Make us thy saints and heroes. God has given
 That task to thee, that we thy friends, at length
 May be by thee befriended. There is heaven,
 Sweet heaven, for thee and us a common goal.
 Up, up ! And take with thee each wingéd soul.

1906-7

BLUE chain of Malvern, chief of all your charms
Is this. Seer Langland walked your rolling
side,

And, as his eye took in the prospect wide,

O'er wider England rung his loud alarms.

Hill of Ostorius,* no purer pride

Had any Roman than on orchard farms,

And woods, and lanes that curve like mothers' arms,

Gazing she felt, and felt the prophet's tide

Rush through her soul. Then, maiden, came to
thee,

As erst to him, divine antipathies ;

And each your country's heart did clearly see,

And prophesied by tale that never dies,

Till dies our England. God's affinities

Link fast Piers Plowman and Aurora Leigh.

He, when the Second Richard, kingling weak,

By baser favourites stained his land so green

Red with brave blood, and priests were mad and
mean,

* 'Oyster' Hill, presumably a corruption of Ostorius, the Roman General, who defeated Caractacus, confronts the huge British Camp on the Herefordshire Beacon. It is close to the site of Hope End, where Mrs. Browning (see her 'Lost Bower') lived as a girl.

In lines that throbbed with truth could dare to
speak.

She, in a happier age, when our good Queen
Ruled justly, watching Judas kiss His cheek,
And decent Mammon crush God's poor and weak,
Dipped pen in heart, till what had basely been,
Some of our land's gross faults were purged away,
Cleansed by the Blood of Christ that coursed her
veins.

Nobly they did. But we? This Christmas Day,
Shall poets still rebuild their buried fanes,
Still with dreams dally, still with fancies play ;
While Wrong still grasps the whip and grips the
reins ?

This Christmas Day—while poets think awhile,
Let us pause too, take heart, and think with them
Of JESUS, born to-day in Bethlehem ;
Till through our doubt and darkness breaks a smile,
The smile of sunny hope. His garment's hem
We touch, and issues such a force, the vile
Despair, of wrongs falls down the monstrous pile.
It dawns ! It dawns ! The New Jerusalem !
Clash out your joy, ring all your changes, bells ;
In all your ancient towers rise and swing,
From Ledbury to Cradley ; bravely ring,
Till Malvern hear you. Hark ! The music swells,
Proclaiming o'er the frosty fields and fells
Christ our Regenerator, Christ the King.

1907-8

TO THE CAMPANULA PATULA

Summer

WHERE art thou, sweetling? Lo, thy starry
bells

Chime from the summit of the thistle's towers ;
And here one purple blossom humbly cowers
Amid the clovered grass. Thy music tells
Where the St. John's wort gilds his head with
flowers,

Where climb blue vetches ; or half hidden wells
Through clustered bramble blooms, and pimpernels
Look up and laugh. One delicate stem endowers
The bank with all thy charms. Oh ! make us sing
As widely, gently—not one staring boss
On some stiff stalk of protest, any thing
To catch the eye, as plants there be that toss
Big heads, and fade forgotten. But thy loss
We soon must mourn. So ring, dear preacher,
ring.

Winter

WHERE art thou, sweetling? Buried 'neath
the frost.

Above thy roots the brown and withered leaves
Rustle, as from their notes the chill north weaves
Rough requiems, for thee in darkness lost,

Sung too by robins' twittering semibreves,
The bloom of all the blooms we loved the most !
But foolish he who such brief burial grieves,
When soon shall Spring lead back her flowery host.

Where art *thou*, darling? Buried 'neath the earth,
So that we ne'er shall see thy face in pain
Or joy. No winter's frost, no summer's rain
Shall ever wake thee. Yet the year's new birth
Ring out, keen bells. Again to measured mirth
Quicken all hearts, and bid us hope again.

POEMS WRITTEN ABROAD

1902-3

From Malaga

WE sit and watch the wavelets rise,
The curving shore in rapture meet,
Flash with their Spanish sparkling eyes,
And die in kisses at our feet.

We watch : December has for us
Flower and fruit of varied hue,
Such cups of blue convolvulus,
And globes of orange 'mid the blue !

Hedges of aloe, cactus red
With tufts of fruit ; the pepper tree,
Pink berries drooping o'er our head ;
Plumbago mingling sky and sea.

What link has this with northern gloom ?
Here is a tenderer, softer scene,
That fills our minds ; here is no room
For all the shadows that have been.

We watch the tasselled oxen pass,
The wains slow swaying side to side.
Then—Mary riding on her ass,
Which Joseph leads in humble pride.

'Tis she ; above her Babe she bends
Her shawl-bound head ; with sweet surprise
He answers her great love that blends
Her cheeks of bronze, her ebon eyes.

'Tis she ; from Jordan to the Nile
She rides ; from savage sad alarms
Fencing her Babe with that grand smile
As much as with her circling arms.

That Babe flies fast with silver wings ;
And, though the two be very far,
Into the closest union brings
Our Morpeth and our Malaga.

And Southern Spain, with all her crowns
Of beauty and her glow of sun,
And Northern England, with her towns
Of grey, and misty moors, are one.

And Christmas, with its memories,
The New Year, with its hopes aflame,
Make such a lamp that never dies,
But lights in all our souls His Name.

The White Sea-gull

(MALAGA)

WHERE with gently heaving motion
The sea just palpitates, thou sittest,
Peaceful spirit, dove of the ocean ;
And if we scare thee, yet thou flittest
Lightly, as one might blow
A flake of silver snow.

Where the great green waves are dashing
On shores of granite rock, thou sittest
Close to all their noisy crashing ;
And if they scare thee, yet thou flittest
Lightly, as one might blow
A flake of silver snow.

When the world is full of riot,
Or full of selfish ease, thou sittest,
Saint I worship, soul of quiet ;
Or hence on love's white wings thou flittest
Lightly, as one might blow
A flake of silver snow.

The Little Arroyo

(MALAGA)

A STREAM, a tiny stream, that yet is purling,
A baby in its banks' encircling arms ;
Red earth, and great grey rocks the periwinkle
Dots with blue gems, and pods of oleander
Downy with seed, and stately clumps of palms
Through which its waters twinkle.

In the rocks' shade beds of a curling creeper
With purple flowers like a cobra's head,
Grey knobs of cactus, others green in slices,
Ready for goats who by this path will wander,
And joyful bleat to find their daily bread
Thus, e'er with new surprises.

'Tis winter, but the silver birch is waving
With long white hands her green and yellow flags ;
Not so the almond, on her leafless branches
Gleam star on star of little rosy snowflakes.
Her bare brown roots twist like a mighty stag's
Horns as his thirst he quenches.

Where the goats browse, the pebbles fall and rattle ;
One whitethroat is a-twittering on a stone :
The Terral and the goatherd join in singing

Their ups and downs. The clouds are swiftly
scudding,
Now a close herd of cattle, one by one
Now like great eagles winging.

What a fine aqueduct those wise Moriscos
Built, now in ruins ! So they rise and fall,
Streams, trees, and nations, have their joy of being
And pass. Ah me ! their fate was melancholy ;
Yet for my sketch comes in this broken wall,
And Spain's still worth the seeing.

And still the vast, blue, middle sea sweeps onward
Between the Moors and what was once their Spain.
On both sides frown the mountains. Men of
learning
Tell us they were one land in times primeval,
God knows if sometime they may feel again
One sun o'er both is burning.

Pepe

(MALAGA)

SHE stood a minute 'mid the cactus leaves,
That wrinkled mother, stood and almost wept ;
Then with a sigh as who regretful leaves
Too sad a scene, back to her cottage crept.

An English girl was painting on the brow,
And by her side, like one who grasps a prize,
Stood a young Spanish peasant all aglow,
Expectant ; that had drawn his mother's sighs.

For he is one who has an artist's soul,
Who felt at school that Art must be his bride,
And, with his mind still dreaming of his goal,
Feeds his few goats upon the valley's side.

His feet are bare, his clothes are patched and torn,
He has his bread to earn. Away with dreams !
But that great light, in heart and head once born,
The clouds of life must colour with its gleams.

Once more he hoarsely chirrup to his goats ;
But now they vanish from his mind, he sits
Beneath the fig tree, sees the fishing boats
Spot the blue seas, and on his vision flits

To where Morocco with her mountain tops
Blocks the horizon. With a sigh he turns
To the girl painting by his side. The drops
Swell in his eyes, his heart with passion burns.

And when she leaves him, gliding down the path,
Her bright 'buena noche' is to him
A benediction, soothing all his wrath,
Lifting him on the wings of cherubim.

But when the goats are folded, and, his book
In hand, he dreams, again into his eyes
The pain returns, and, with that far-off look,
Return, howe'er subdued, his mother's sighs.

She cannot understand him, but she knows
He is her Pepe, that his peasant life
Wars with his soul, the dear red rambling rose,
Pride of her porch, notched with a cruel knife.

Where shall it end? Shall some Cimabue
Find here his Giotto? Pepe wed his bride?
Or shall it flash and smouldering die, this play,
This tragedy upon the valley's side?

The Fishing Boat

(MALAGA)

A GREY, grey moth that fishing boat
A west wind drags along the sea,
So feebly plashing on the beach,
Beneath the long dark clouds which reach
From shore to shore ; it seems that she
In shadow must for ever float.

We saw the same boat yesterday ;
 Laughing she flew from wave to wave,
 She skimmed like summer gossamere.
 Then she was something to revere,
 To love, for she was bright and brave,
 She who now ploughs her weary way.

To look on her is tasting death.
 Let us go indoors and read a book,
 Young's *Night Thoughts*, if it could be found ;
 His thoughts are always sad and sound.
 So, good bye, poor grey boat ! One look,
 And then—Ah ! you too caught your breath.

Transformed, transfigured ! that's the word.
 True, Mariposa was the name
 Upon her bows, a name inspired.
 Her sails like golden wings are fired,
 A butterfly; but not the same
 As that grey moth ; 'tis too absurd.

Such a prismatic brilliance gleams
 Where from her bows blue waves let shimmer
 Flakelets of light, he would be bold
 To say of silver or of gold
 Those hints of glory, making dimmer
 All seen before except in dreams.

What touch of what magician's rod
Has worked this wondrous miracle?
No magic ; just the clouds divided
A delicate handbreadth, so provided
A silken gauze, the sunbeams fell.
Who did it then, the wind or God?

The fact remains that it was grey,
And now 'tis silver bright ; say, Spain
After our England, beautiful,
A rose, while our dear land's as dull
As—But the boat is grey again,
So let the preacher have his say.

All is not gold that glitters. Hem !
A silver lining has each—There,
These proverbs I have heard before.
Try something fresh. Here's a soul's door
Which opens on a heavenly stair,
Mother of Pearl, or priceless gem,

So beautiful, it upward leads
Perforce to God. But now 'tis dim,
And yet the same. So grey night moth
And noonday butterfly are both
But one, and 'tis but nature's whim
Or man's caprice the difference breeds.

And these are slaves of sovereign fancy,
 Thinker, creator of a world
 Where grey moths, gorgeous butterflies
 Go, come, as fancy laughs, or cries,
 Or merely sports. The sky's impearled,
 Or dull, as you, friend, can't or can see.

New Year's Day

A ROPE-WALK keeps its whirring tune ;
 The worker's stream of tiny song,
 The sharp bark of a terrier,
 Some laughs of New Year's afternoon,
 The waves' great bass the shores along,
 All join in chorus with the whirl.

The gum trees lean so close together,
 Their swinging hands so interlace,
 A path so narrow runs betwixt,
 My wooden seat's so low, that whether
 'Tis sea or land that ends the space,
 Or sky—who knows?—or all three mixt.

A sea of sand, of earth a sky,
 A field of sea, of clouds a tree ;
 Many such tricks the sunlight plays ;
 So wraps the scene in mystery,
 It stands to reason it must be
 The work or whim of friendly fays.

And curious folk may smile and pass,
And dogs may bark and bark in vain,
The fays and sleep and I are sleeping ;
Until up strays a humorous ass,
And sings his song. Again, again,
Echo and ass their tryst are keeping.

As that sonorous music ends,
The tinkling strum of a guitar
Draws me along the peopled sands.
Lo, an old Spaniard sways and bends
As nimble as a British tar,
And girls sit round and clap their hands.

A water-bottle as his crest,
Shines like a crown, and he is proud,
Spilling no drop, to dance and jump,
Till rushing forward from the clump
Of friends, his wife must cry aloud
And clasp her gallant to her breast.

Such notes in Hindustan are heard,
Such notes on Jordan's sinuous shore,
Whence to this town the Arabs came,
Here settled ; in their blood-like flame
The East still burns, heard evermore
In these touched * twittering of a bird ;

* Tocare—to play a guitar.

Heard in their songs that upward trill.
 And quaver down, heard in their cries,
 Sellers of fruit and fish and bread ;
 Seen in their poise and graceful tread,
 In pale dark skin and flashing eyes,
 So surely nature works her will.

Then all crowd round upon their knees,
 And pass a flask of ruby wine,
 And on their hands as handiest dishes
 Eat half a score of tiny fishes,
 Cooked tail by tail upon a line
 Of sticks the right side of the breeze.

They kneel, and eat, and drink, and laugh,
 Each one as noisy as the other ;
 And if at groups you stop and look,
 Up starts a smiling host or cook,
 And offers to you as a brother
 A share, and too a share of chaff.

How oft on shores unlike to these,
 On some far different New Year's Day,
 We'll think ourselves once more in Spain,
 'Neath this bright sun, and hear again
 Sing, clap their hands, and dance, and play,
 These simple, merry Malagese !

At Malaga (a fragment)

CLOSE to an orange tree, its golden fruits
Pendent in clusters, 'mid the twisting roots
Of a gnarled olive, raising high in air,
Against the sky, long locks of green-grey hair ;
Beneath a palm some of whose lancet leaves
Must pierce the clouds, while, like old yellow
eaves,
The others let the raindrops find the earth
That thirsts for more ; while here pink buds give
birth
To red japonicas, and plays around
A little dog such as is often found
Sitting among Murillo's peasant boys,
We sit retired, listen to the noise,
In one mixed note, of creaking bullock wains,
Of mule bells, sellers' cries, and songs, what
Spain's
Glad Malaga can give us, sit and paint,
Our eyes drawn off by street scenes, bright and
quaint.
The broken Moorish tower, grey and brown,
Crowning the saddle of the ancient town,
Through its one arch the blueness of the sky
Gleams like a turquoise, bringing much more nigh
God's love to us than when above the crag
On that high fort swung first the Spanish flag,

Don Pedro de Toledo planted there,
 And Isabel and Ferdinand, a pair
 Of kingly saints, the hapless Moors condemned
 To lifelong slavery. The scene is gemmed,
 Embossed with colour. See the fishing boat
 Careened inside the harbour ; what a coat
 Its painter wears, of brightest orange yellow,
 But his young boy, worthy to be his fellow,
 Has loose blue trousers rolled up to the knee,
 And crimson jacket, while in shade the sea
 Trembles with malachite.

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Torre Molinos

THE sun shoots down on them between thin
 clouds

A shaft of pearl, broad rays of golden steel—
 Two white-winged butterflies upon the sea,
 Two white-sailed fishing boats that spread their
 wings,

Their lateen sails on each short tack ; blue haze
 Behind, but traversing a purple road,
 Black purple, stretching to the further shore,
 They skim the waves. Between them and our
 eyes

A rich green streak of colour, from whose depths

Brown waves, beheaded by the tyrant wind,
Come, running to us. On the distant lands
Hills, mountains, splashed with shadows, white
with farms,

Farms here and there, as white almost as snow.
And is it snow or cloud the sun has touched
To dreamy light? 'Tis snow, great pearls of
snow,

The Sierra Nevada, massive chain,
Most delicate, uniting heaven and earth
In one grand theme of mystic harmony.
Here close upon the shore the sugar canes,
A lake of golden green, and there so near
The Alpujarras ! What fantastic rocks,
Huge thrones, sheer walls, wide stairs, and heavy
curtains,

Festooning caves whose roofs are quaintly decked
With petrifications, stony twigs and roots
Rooted in rock. A sea-gull flapping by
Just now competed with the snow and scud
For charm and colour ; and, a sight most welcome,
Most unexpected, a small redstart stopped,
To show his back of brown and glossy red,
Wheeling to let the sun illumine it,
And chirping settled on a rock ; his song
Heard with the ear of faith, for here no sound
Enters but of the sea, the heaving sea,
The brown waves broken of the heaving sea,
The fierce strong pulse of the exultant sea.

This cliff, on which man's bold caprice has fixed
A wooden balcony, itself is fixed
Firm to the central rock, but shakes and shakes,
As rears each dragon of the deep his crest,
And flings himself against its caverned sides,
And digs his claws into its crevices,
And belches forth great sheets of bubbling foam,
Great sheets, great spouts, of bubbling yellow
foam,
And bellows loud with disappointed rage.
Each rushes on to win, each thundering fails ;
Still the cliff stands, and still we stand on it,
And still the billows thunder and the foam
Is splashed around, above us. It is strange,
Amid this battling of the mighty waves,
Each with the other battling and the rocks,
Amid this scene of savage waste and war,
Chaos of forces, up to lift our eyes
And note the noiseless shadows on the hills,
And, still more placid, that dim line of white,
The chain of snow which binds the earth to heaven,
Great chain of linked purity and light,
And lifts it, lifts our eyes to highest things,
Our eyes and thoughts to where the Eternal God
Sits on His throne of peace, and ruleth all,
E'en this loud sea with its rebellious waves.

The Singers

IS it a nightingale that sings
So sweetly in the trees,
Beneath where the Alhambra flings
Her witcheries, to these
Adding a tenderer, brighter touch,
Because he, living, loves so much,
While she is but alive with old, dead memories?

Not so ; a prisoner's voice you hear.
Look at yon tower's wall ;
From that small cage now far and near
Resounds his gladsome call !
No nightingale's melodious throat,
Nor lark from heaven that draws her note,
Could weave a charm more apt and gladly musical.

Thus in the Alhambra's latticed glooms
Some lovely queen had sung,
Enriching e'er those pencilled rooms
With her soft Moorish tongue ;
And this canary from the tower
In her heart trills has caught the power,
Where all these hundred years it echoing has
clung.

Rewards

EL ZEGREY and El Zaghal, names of men
Who, when the wave of conquest onward
 rolled,
Did bravely breast it. E'en their foes have told
How one, when Ferdinand did closely pen
The Moors in Malaga, growled from his den
At Gibralfaro, to the death was bold,
A life in death, death in a dungeon hold.
So generous were Christians. Shall Moors, then,
Boast of more grace? El Zaghal long did turn
The tide of victory, till, Baza ta'en
He, yielding, left a sadder tale for us.
Not foes but friends, for all his foemen slain,
For all his courage, out his eyes did burn,
Left him to beg like Belisarius.

A Picture

(EL PALO)

THE cliffs reflected ; at their foot a road
Guarded by rocks, on which the brown waves
 break,
And almost splash the driver with his goad
Guiding his slow calm oxen ; in a lake
Diminutive, where clumps of sedges take

A redness from the water, which has glowed
So long its mirror makes a sun, they wake,
The cliffs to a new life. A welcome load
Drag up the shore red-coated fishermen,
Tugging as if they had a catch of whales,
Grey-beards and boys, each rope its yoke of ten.
Then the glad shouting when the net they land,
The boccarones with their silver scales,
And fish and setting sun both gild the sand.

The Afterdeath

(EL PALO)

POISED on the utmost summit, the great sun
Rested, a globe of gold, a well-earned rest
After the cloudless journey he had run,
So luminous, the birds had scarce begun
To fold their wings, the East still drank the West,
The long banana leaves their amethyst
And emerald were showing, each wave's crest
Sparkled with silver, when—the day is done !
The hills have hid our sun, our sun is dead !
We shiver in the greyness of this light,
That is more sad than grief, more black than night.
Let us go home. Pause, pessimist ; the red
Rich flame expands, till, with blood orange bright,
Eve draws the curtains of her burial bed.

El Puente del Rey

HERE 'mid this mass of stones in ruin, stone
 Wedge-shaped as Romans used it, marble
 grey,

Mortar as strong as marble, here I stay
 Eye-struck, with pains dig out this buried one.
 Was it an early Christian, such their way,
 Began to carve a cross here, thus to shun
 The idolatry around him, thus to pray,
 Stopped by quick death, ere he had scarce begun?
 How perfectly the sun shines everywhere!
 Through the great arch of snow-capped mountains
 peep
 Long blue sierras. Rustling breezes sweep
 O'er seas of sugar cane. How grandly fair,
 The scene, responsive, as deep answers deep,
 To this poor martyred slave's half carven prayer!

Robert Boyd

(1831)

BOYD, thou didst well. The cross above thy
 grave

Is no mere symbol. When King Ferdinand,
 Worst of bad Bourbons, would betray his land,
 And slay her noblest, tyrant he and slave,

Thou, with thy Byron, wouldst his victim save,
 Dreaming* that Spain might still be free. The
 sand

Of Malaga did feel thy footsteps brave,
 Thine and thy friends', Torrijo's hopeful band.
 On Gisbert's canvas lives and dies again
 That cruel crisis. By the blood-stained beach
 Lies the first line, dead or in dying pain,
 Moreno's dupes. Thou still our souls dost teach,
 Thou, Calderon, Torrijo. Where was Spain
 When thou didst fall, holding the hand of each?

The Cypress of the Sultana

(GENERALIFE, GRANADA)

GAUNT Cypress, with your trunk all gnarled
 and pale,
 And bony arms, with here a tuft of green
 To show the sap of blood still trickles through
 Your old dry veins, come, tell your tragic tale.
 Was it beneath your shade they saw the queen
 Meet the Abencarrage? Tell me true.
 If any knows the story, it is you.

* 'The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea,
 And, musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamt that Greece might still be free.'

Come, tell the tale, and not with frowns of eld,
 Not with grim judgment, not in tones severe.
 Winter has past, no more 'tis icy cold,
 Spring warms your thin old blood ; your hands
 are held
 By shimmering butterflies. Again bring near
 Those times when you were young, those gleams
 of gold ;
 Tell the tale kindly, as it should be told.

Poor frail Morayma ! Poor weak Boabdil !
 Did their love languish ? E'en in her Harem
 Was there some talk of heart and purpose weak,
 Until the face of one more strong did fill
 Her life and dreams, and nought the flood might
 stem
 Till 'neath your shade she must a trysting seek,
 Your shade, but lighted with the moon's pale
 streak ?

Ah ! It was such a foolish place to meet,
 To meet and wanton 'neath the silver beams,
 For there were spying eyes that saw it all
 And more than all, and there were hurrying feet ;
 And bad is always bad, but worse it seems
 When envious eyes and lips the sight recall,
 And jealous pride is its receptacle.

The king irresolute was steadfast now,
 Not one, but one whole tribe must satisfy
 His cruel vengeance. Throned, he called each
 name,
 And each Abencarrage prompt did bow
 Gravely to his poor king. He no reply
 Or gave or asked. As each proud warrior came,
 The sword leapt out and slew him like a flame.

Their chieftain Hamet was the first to feel
 That treacherous blow ; but, as his eyes grew dim,
 Gleamed into them a pair of pearly eyes,
 Black pearls with lustre as of polished steel
 Brighter than blood-stained scimitar. For him
 Remained the warriors', lovers' paradise ;
 For Boabdil a web of agonies.

And that unhappy queen, what was her doom,
 When she, her hero dead, met face to face
 Him she despised and feared and hated ? Say—
 You looked o'er the Alhambra—did that room,
 Barred with cold iron, hold her ? Did she pace
 There her life out, and eat her heart away ?
 Or her too did the quick sword kindly slay ?

Not you, dumb tree, but I have sketched the story,
 And you have seemed to listen with a smile,
 With puckering lips and eyes. Now, was it well
 For a grave tree, once young, but now so hoary,

Thus to receive a tragic tale, the while
 The fountains still were weeping, while her bell
 Granada faintly rang, our lovers' knell?

And still you smile, in doubt or irony.
 Was he then right, the kind American,*
 Who lightly blotted out this tale of blood?
 And yet who could believe it all a lie?
 For then as now the violets bloomed, and ran
 This streamlet by thy trunk. Misunderstood
 Or true, this sad romance? Speak, Sphinx in wood.

The Quince Tree

THE garden is a little square
 Half stone, which tiny rose trees bound,
 Box, myrtle, arums, debonair
 A hundred pots all ranged around,
 Quite Spanish they, red bars on yellow ground.

A wall bright brown encloses all,
 Topped with old weathered mossy tiles;
 But through a casement in the wall
 A sun-girt Moorish tower smiles,
 And purple irises in broken files.

* Washington Irving.

And up and down Don Manuel passes,
A pot or grandson on his hips,
And one of two half gipsy lasses
Hair nosegayed, singing, lightly trips,
And musical a little fountain drips.

Tall elms beyond and poplar trees,
Their spring just rippling into leaf ;
Through glass of green the lover sees,
Though clouds may make the vision brief,
The white Sierra stretch in strong relief.

But only in the afterglow
On that proud range a hue is seen,
When roses burn amid the snow,
Such as amid thy tender green
Does ever tint thy buds, our garden queen.

The walls, and flower pots, and flowers,
The dripping fount, the lofty tree,
The hills, the mountains, all their powers
And sweets do utter but for thee
Their song of homage, love, and mystery.

The soft winds circle round thy head,
The honey bees from bloom to bloom
Fly humming, butterflies rethread
Thy airy branches, their bright doom
To rival some rich Moorish ante-room.

But no Sultana ever saw
 Above the tiles, cream, yellow, blue,
 Artists fantastically draw
 Lines intricate but half as true
 And free as thine, sweet tree, in shape and hue.

Thy branches bend above each other,
 They gently rise and gently sink ;
 A sister with her baby brother
 Plays thus, while little eyes do wink
 'Mid thy soft green, like stars of pearly pink.

Our queen thou art and e'er shalt be.
 We shall not see thy petals fall ;
 But thou shalt live in memory,
 Of all Granada's charms, of all,
 Crowned with our hearts' most grateful coronal.

El ultimo Suspiro del Moro

THE great Sierra its long sweeps of snow
 Blends with a rival cloud land ; mountains
 rise,
 Dark 'gainst the white above and green below
 Of springing wheat ; the little peach trees glow
 With pink that flames ; its Moorish traceries
 Deck with blue tiles the tower which almost flies

On broad long wings of shade, which grow and
grow,
Black feathering the grass, to kissing skies.
'Woe to the man who all this beauty lost !'
So Charles the Fifth of luckless Boabdil
Spoke proudly from his Moorish casement. Most,
Ah ! most of all the Alhambra from yon hill
He wept, when, hopeless in his misery
And vain regret, he sighed the Moor's last sigh !

A Glance

A DIP in which the olives grey and green
Were shot with waves of blossom, cherry,
peach ;
And, as the orchard melted, each with each,
Green, white and pink, the colours that had been
Thus varied, now, a transformation scene,
Flashed newly, while the sun, in lieu of speech,
Filled them with life. A plainer tale to teach,
Thrusting in man, a farm house, grey and mean,
Crowned all. Not all ; above the sunlight kissed
A peak of snow. All else was cloud, but one,
Just one white peak the glad ray leapt upon,
Pearled it with gold, with gold and amethyst,
One minute ; then the jealous, rushing mist
Hid it. In vain, since it for me had shone !

Cordoba

WE sit among the Moorish mills,
And watch the river breaking down ;
A noise of merry music fills
Our ears, our eyes a golden brown,
Silvered when o'er a rock it spills.

A patient angler sits and waits,
A sketcher limns the bridge and tower.
Broken and gone the old flood gates,
And year by year, and hour by hour
Unbridled glide the noisy spates.

Glide on, O merry golden river,
And tell the folk of proud Seville,
At Cordoba the Guardelquiver
Is not so broad, but here we feel
It with more life and freedom quiver.

Tell them their boasted bridge of boats
Was not so old or grand as yours.
Not on your rushing stream it floats ;
Built by the Romans and the Moors,
It sucks the gold through granite throats.

As firm as when they builded it,
Out thrust the Roman pediments
Their world-wide strength. Let waters flit
And nations ; here is sovereign sense,
Here microcosmic will and wit.

Will the Giralda stand as long ?
Go, tell them that the Alcazar,
So dear to Seville's tale and song,
With your Mesquita wages war
As hopeless as its praise is strong.

Spain is a land of air and sun,
Of churches wondrous she can boast.
And of them all Seville has one
Most grand and graceful ; but the most
Living, when all is said and done,

The most that tastes of Spain, is not
When French or German artists came,
Built their great fanes on some loved spot
Where breathed perhaps a warmer flame
Of piety, by pride forgot.

The most that tastes of Spain, is when
Jaca or Siguenza stands
Girt by her mountains, where brave men
Won freedom. Cieled with granite bands,
Their churches have the strength of ten.

The most that tastes of Spain is—lo !
 Is here, where many a Moorish prayer
 Made the rich Greek mosaic glow,
 And tile and marble, saw this rare
 Mesquita's trees of columns grow.

Let the Alhambra boast its grace,
 And sweet its azulejos* are,
 But here is something in the race
 Of beauteous strength outstrips it far,
 Stands clearly in the foremost place.

Go, golden river, tell Seville,
 Tell Xerez, and tell Cadiz too,
 That all their wines and ships of steel,
 And marble walls, 'neath skies of blue,
 Not like this Mosque can make us feel.

But one thing, one, this beauty needs
 To crown it. Where the grace divine
 Of human life? The marble bleeds
 In vain ; in vain like flowers' wine
 Each tile in varied colour pleads.

Let Cordoba to Seville yield,
 And Cadiz. There Murillo dreams
 Of heaven, while on a bossy field
 Of cloud his cherubs sport, and gleams
 The Queen above her silver shield.

* Painted tiles.

But Valdes Leal, too, for thee
Painted Elijah. See the fire
Flash from the horses' hoofs ! How free,
How grand ! It makes our hearts aspire.
So, Cordoba, still happy be.

Gibraltar

‘ **N**OW, Sir, what do you think it like ? ’ he said,
‘ I think a sick man lying on a bed,
His hands crossed on his breast. ’ A middy spoke,
Loquacious, half in earnest, half in joke,
As we from Algeciras crossed the Bay,
And there before us huge Gibraltar lay,
The moon behind it. ’Twas a little shock
To hear him thus describe our fortress rock,
Though smiling, maybe with a bit of side.
And I looked at him, paused ere I replied,
‘ But what about that Frenchman’s view who thinks
The Rock is like a huge mysterious Sphinx ?
Or don’t you think that Thackeray was right,
More patriotic, when he said the sight
For him was a great lion silently
Guarding the entrance to the Middle Sea,
The British Lion, emblem of our strength
Reserved but mighty ? ’ I, too, stopped at length,
Waiting his answer. But with laughing eye

He still gave back his question for reply,
 'What do you think, Sir?' Sirs, what do *you*
 think?

You, standing on a misty chasm's brink
 Full of great issues, 'tis for you, for you,
 To prove which of these similes is true,
 You, citizens of our imperial land,
 You, 'band of brothers,' and a 'happy band,'
 The sick man dying, or the lion still
 Strong as of old. Is it your wish, your will,
 To make the best ideal nobly rise,
 Clearly triumphant 'fore the nation's eyes,
 As now the silver moon from cloudy skies
 Raises her lamp above Gibraltar's head,
 Her lamp and shield, to make your influence
 spread,

However humble, such a light around,
 Sweet in its strength, that Britain may be found
 Not spent, outplayed, and laughed at, bragging
 loud,

A noisy bully in a noisy crowd,
 But who too well, for all his boasting, knows
 He'll eat his words ere it shall come to blows ;
 Or, if he strikes, his arm is bared for pence
 Or pounds, but not in love's or truth's defence,
 Not for the sanctity of common sense?
 Not that ; the prelude of a worse than death.
 No, let us dare to draw a deeper breath,
 Ever among the first to do and be

What stands for best, most bravely true and free,
Most living, loving, therefore strongest too.
What do you think? The answer is for you,
The lion brave, strong, patient, or instead
The sick man lying, dying, on his bed?
'What do you think, Sir?' so the middy said.

Cabeza del Rey

YES. Cabeza del Rey. This is the street.
And there's the bust. How close the thick
lips meet,
No indecision there! But how the while
The cheeks are touched with an ironic smile,
Scarce visible, as sometimes steel-still seas
Are flecked, not ruffled, with a breath of breeze!
His nose somewhat retroussé; his straight eyes
Are hemmed with wrinkled eyelids, half surprise
Half scorn thus holding them. His clenched right
hand
Grasps what was once, a sword or sceptre? Stand
Here in this little patio, and list,
And you may guess what held he in his fist.
Pedro the Cruel, Pedro eke the Just,
A medley strange of justice stern and lust,
And lust of blood, not wholly without love
(In the Alcazar lived, who him could move

To softer feelings, Maria, his own,
 His more than wife) one day had left his throne
 And outward pomp, and passing through this
 street

Wrapped in his cloke, chanced some poor wretch
 to meet

(His name, his age, all but his fate untold)
 Who in a hurry, thoughtless, overbold,
 Not knowing who was hid beneath the cloke,
 How from black clouds the lightning oft has
 broke,

Brushed past him. Not a word Don Pedro spoke
 (*Acta non verba*, words he'd learnt at school,
 Were oft for him a serviceable rule),
 But drew his sword and stabbed him to the heart.
 Groaning, he died. Don Pedro stood apart
 A moment, then upon his victim's dress
 Wiped his red sword ; sense of a gruesomeness,
 Grim as himself, wrinkled his iron face ;
 Then starting, somewhat quickening his pace,
 He passed into the mist and shade of night.
 Soon an old watchman stumbled in his fright
 (Such watchman still perambulates Seville,
 His long pole finishing in pike of steel,
 His square old lantern, his red guarded coat)
 There on the corse, and thought of his own
 throat,

And rang his bell. His brother watchman came,
 Saw the dead face, and knew the victim's name,

A plain mild citizen without a foe,
Then hurried off, to let the Alcalde know.
There had been many murders in the city,
And so the King, moved by a wave of pity,
Or whim, or justice, issued his commands :
Should one hereafter slay with murderous hands
His brother man, there on the very spot
Should sit the Alcalde, judging if or not
The accused be guilty. Guilty? Then his head
Should there be fixed where his poor brother
bled.

Now chanced it that a beggar by the wall
Crouching had seen Don Pedro's victim fall,
And as his mantle slipped down from his shoulder
Had seen him too. The Alcalde was bolder
Than most in Seville ; in resisting evil,
And doing justice, feared nor king nor devil.
So summoned he Don Pedro for his trial
There on the spot. Nor met he with denial ;
The King was law-abiding, would appear
On such a day. Sat the Alcalde here,
Here on these steps, resolved to do the right,
Whate'er befell ; and here, a stranger sight,
Don Pedro stood, his face without a stir
On its grim mask, a trembling officer
Standing on either side of him, while dense
From streets, roofs, walls, and windows, staring,
tense,
The wondering crowd looked on. The evidence

Was plain, the prisoner allowed it true.
Guilty. 'And now,' the Alcalde said, 'to you
King but a murderer, I justly leave
The law's fulfilment. Rests with you reprieve
Or execution.' 'Well,' Don Pedro said,
'Well you have judged, and here I give my head.
The law is still the law, for slave or King.'
He slipped a napkin from a shapeless thing
One of his servants carried. How did ring
Applause and laughter from the fickle crowd,
So grave before, applause and laughter loud !
For Seville always understands a joke,
And this the best. Each to his neighbour spoke,
'How well he did it ! That's his head indeed !'
'A speaking mouth ! Let many victims bleed,
If their blood gives Don Pedro such a chance.'
'He bleeds salt, just you touch him with a lance.'
'Why, what a man he is !' They sing and dance.
'Viva Don Pedro, del pueblo Rey !'
He bowed to the Alcalde, went his way,
That mask still on, to the Alcazar quick,
To tell Maria of his humorous trick,
Kissing the condemnation from her lips.
How, in such tales as these, grave History slips
Her robes off, grins a Satyr ! See the man,
His bust, and doubt the story, if you can.

At Argelès

AT Argelès, 'neath blue-grey sky,
'Mid sweets that ever grow to more,
I read 'The Girl and Butterfly,'
The music of Campoamor.

From rose to rose the insect wings,
And runs the girl from rose to rose,
And all her childish zeal she flings
Into the chase. His music flows,

Catches a lighter, graver note ;
We see through glades of life and sun
His Mariposa ever float,
His Niña e'er with rapture run.

His musings and his music purl,
Meander to a careless close,
And leave the butterfly and girl,
Still flying on from rose to rose.

I read: across the Pyrenees
Come, rise and fall, again, again,
Borne on the pinions of the breeze,
Faint echoes of romantic Spain.

I hear the cries, how clear but far,
Of fishermen who pull their nets,
The twitterings of a touched guitar,
The clicking of the castanets,

The song that quavers up and down,
The friends that sit and clap their hands,
While, with Levante wilder grown,
The waves splash high upon the sands.

Now the Castilian, full and rich,
Of some great preacher, passing now
To organ notes, that from the pitch
Of dark groined roofs resound below.

And now ; the driver cracks his whip
At Jaca, tells his ponies' ways,
Cheers them by name. A rise, a dip,
And here we are at Argelès ;

Here 'mid huge spreading chestnut roots,
Here 'mid rich grass and bubbling streams,
White promises of autumn fruits ;
And eke 'mid memories and dreams.

So, thanks again, Campoamor,
Not only for this pleasant hour,
While memories lap upon the shore,
Responsive to your gentle power ;

But more because when Spain was mute,
Or scarce again had learnt to sing,
You held her with your magic flute ;
Some heard an angel stir his wing,

Some heard the choirs charm the grove,
And some the waves, and some the wind,
And some the ecstasy of love,
The grandeur of the soul and mind ;

And some who could sung back again,
Some lived a music sweeter far ;
And thus you helped to kindle Spain
Much more than riots, votes, or war.

Spain, though she drains a bitter cup,
Once greatness had, and yearns for more.
To all who help to raise her up,
Her friends give thanks, Campoamor.

Girgenti

WHERE white and brown Girgenti climbs her
hill,
To-day glad festa rings ;
With notes that e'en this gracious landscape thrill,
The lark still soars and sings ;
And Nature holds us infants in her arms.

We try to paint, we try to sing her charms,
But she us, not we her,
With her persistent music cheers and calms.
The little lizards stir
Amid the stones because she bids them come.

The fingers of the west wind wildly strum
On harps of trees. They pause ;
And cease the bells. We hear again the hum
Of Nature's work, the cause
Of all we see to-day, and think, and feel.

The sea is a broad blade of burnished steel,
From scabbard grey and green,
Of sky and field, half-drawn. On lazy keel
One ship is dimly seen,
Drawn slowly, slowly, to the westering sun.

Beneath the headed pines the almonds run
To tufts of white and pink ;
And through them orange globules one by one
Grow to a million ; think
Best of them as a milky way of gold.

But Man and Nature here must interfold.
Here, where the weeds grow well,
Was once a Grecian city ; manifold,
From house and citadel,
Streamed through each temple's gate its multitude.

Through twice a thousand years its columns stood,
Until the earthquake smote
Their greatness, cast them down as props of wood.
Now Fame, with amplest throat,
Can only celebrate what once has been.

Alas for her so long a Doric queen !
What patriots long had built
And made so beautiful, Hamilcar, keen
With savage hate and guilt,
Condemned to hopeless ruin in one day.

Ruin for ever ! Let the sunbeams play,
The lizards run, and skim
The butterflies ; but Akragas the gay,
The great, has gone. On him,
The cruel Carthaginian, cry we shame,

With curses ? But we cannot light the flame
On Hera's altar ; yet
The orange columns glow, the stones the same
Whose bases Theron set,
And wise Empedocles oft worshipped there.

We cannot light that flame, but things are fair,
And, 'mid the telamons
That decked the temple of great Zeus, we ne'er
Shudder to hear the moans
And shrieks of victims in the brazen bull.

Here from San Niccolo our eyes are full
 Of Concord's temple. Take
 The omen. Dusty facts are quick to cull ;
 But for her gentle sake,
 Sweet Concord, let her soul pass into us.

Nature and Greece, where is the stimulus
 To make our minds a-glow
 With such twin flames? 'Through sounds in-
 numerous,
 Hush ! pierce the strains we know,
 The sunset pipings of Theocritus.

On the Anapo

AGAINST the wind, against the stream,
 We ne'er shall reach Cyane's fount.
 Then let us rest, and moor the boat
 And gently on the current float,
 As in a dream.

'Tis but a pretty fable's gleam,
 That Pluto seized amid the corn
 The blue-eyed maid, Persephone,
 And with her o'er plain did flee,
 As in a dream ;

Or that, as once to Greeks did seem,
Cyane, kindest friend and nymph,
His furious chargers' course would stay,
And vainly wept herself away,
As in a dream.

But this a myth we will not deem,
Anapo's little waves of blue,
While the papyrus tufted heads
Nod sweetly from her water-beds,
As in a dream.

Teach us thy own harmonious theme,
Sweet river, as thou rollest on
Thy waves, Cyane's grief renews,
To the great port of Syracuse,
As in a dream.

Now lift your eyes. A sunset beam
Shows Etna's snows, far, far away.
How 'mid the clouds her head doth lie,
Crowned with a brooding majesty,
As in a dream !

Though she must ever reign supreme.
Hark, how the goatherd's pipe of reeds,
Such as Theocritus oft heard,
Flutes softly, his Sicilian bird,
As in a dream !

The Latomia Casale

TRUDGE along the dusty via ;
 Then, at once, the Latomia,
 White and green, before our eyes
 Opens like a Paradise.
 Deep the twisting quarry gapes,
 Columns of fantastic shapes,
 Worn by weather, carved by man,
 Since Corinthians first began
 Such white limestone slabs to use,
 Building their glorious Syracuse.
 At the bottom monstrous blocks,
 Tumbled down by earthquake shocks,
 Fragments rough, irregular,
 Torn from faces of the scar,
 Rough, but now geraniums
 Clothe them, where the wild bee hums,
 From Hyblœa floating down,
 To taste the sweetness of the town,
 Where Achradina used to be.
 Through the red geraniums see
 Many blooms of periwinkle,
 Stars of purple, twinkle, twinkle,
 While above them orange trees
 Frame their jewels, as the breeze,
 Scarcely felt so far below,
 Guarded by those cliffs of snow,
 Lifts their leaves, and shows their lustre ;

Ivy berries in a cluster ;
Prickly pears that hanging over
Half the wall below will cover,
Feeling for the weathered bands
Of rock with all their hairy hands ;
Many thousand little flowers,
Hungry, thirsty for the showers,
Which the sky of steely blue
Never kindly giveth to ;
Busts and columns here and there,
Balcony for prospect fair,
Or for gallants' late carouse,
Or for lovers' ardent vows,
Better in the colonnade
Whispered low amid the shade,
Ah ! for all that promise, made
By the gloomy cypresses.
Watts once painted some of these,
Watts who loved his Sicily,
Wishing to see her ere he die ;
Died with but the memory.
What more lovely thing than this
Gave his face a last, last kiss ?
Face so grave and true and tender,
Lighted with God's human splendour,
Hallowing, predestinate,
Those who are both good and great.
Watts stood painting on this brink.
Silent, let us pause and think.

The Porto Grande, Syracuse

A GAINST the blue the swaying asphodels
 Lift their white heads ; the velvet orangeries
 With sky and rock weave optic symphonies ;
 The white rock chequered o'er with funeral cells ;
 Below, Ortygia's faintly clashing bells,
 And, nearer, bleating goats join ears and eyes ;
 While, a great pearl, the Porto Grande lies,
 And glistening of her rounded beauty tells.
 But how in history's ear a sadder tale
 She tells, a battle of four hundred ships
 And twice ten thousand Greeks, with firm set lips,
 And savage hands and hearts, and anguish pale !
 And, when at last the fateful fight was done,
 In blood and tears had set great Athens' sun.

Alcibiades

WE see him stand on the Acropolis,
 He with the daring heart and silver lie,
 'Wielding at will that fierce democratie,'*
 Though many foes around him taunt and hiss.
 He cares not, his the shafts that will not miss

* Milton, but of Demosthenes. 'Paradise Regained,'
 Book IV, line 269.

Their selfish mark, though many thousands die,
For he and they are one in their Hubris,
The insolence of pride and victory.
Again at Sparta see him stand and speak,
Against his Athens, for her loss and pain,
Now sharpening Doric 'gainst Ionic Greek.
Was ever man so clever, strong, and vain?
Traitor, and doubly traitor ! Worse than weak,
Can Athens take thee to her arms again ?

Nicias

HE, too, stood there, and argued wisely, well ;
Argued with keenest foresight, brave and true ;
Told his rash countrymen what they would rue.
But all in vain he rang that funeral knell,
For they had made their hearts a citadel
Of gross ambition. As a breeze that blew
And past, they heard him. But they loved him well,
And trusted. Fools ! Him and themselves they
slew.

Then came the end, when, racked with sore disease,
Bidding farewell to palms and victory,
Defeated, still he gave his fate the lie,
Hoped against fact, nor fell upon his knees
To crave for life, but drank the last, dry lees
Of loss ; then, having done all, dared to die.

Etna

(TAORMINA)

IS there anything more grand ?
The hills, the sea on either hand,
Sicilian hills, Ionian sea,
With boats and ruins sprinkled o'er,
The long waves beating on the shore ;
Above all Etna, her at last we see.

Nights of thunder, days of rain,
Straining hungry eyes in vain,
Scarcely we caught a glimpse of her,
A streak of rock, a patch of snow.
Now her majestic form we know,
To her and us this morn a Lucifer.

Her the kindly cruel showers
Covered with their virgin flowers,
Each shower a boon, each flake a kiss ;
Falling the long night through, until
They had worked their magic will,
Fashioned at last a perfect chrysalis.

Now this gracious glad good morning,
Only with its roseate warning,
Whisper of expectant dawn,
She has burst her case of gloom,
Mounting to her glorious doom ;
Again to her new life to-day is born.

Hark ! The sky with rapture rings,
As she spreads her long white wings,
Great queen of moths, her thirty miles
Of winged snow : no wonderment
In sight of such a splendour lent
To earth, each bird and flower sings and smiles.

But once in this arena, men,
And women, gloated o'er the den
Of beasts and slaves in combat, dead.
And—was it possible ?—above
Their love of death, their death of love,
Etna still reared her pure and awful head.

Best was it in the older time,
When in crisp speech, and choric rhyme
Rang Aeschylus ; Euripides,
Whose human-souled Hippolytus
Spoke to the Greeks, as still to us,
Words brimming o'er with vital syntheses.

Truly for them their Etna gleams ;
For them the cloud veil is, not seems,
A curtain which God's hand unrolls.
And Grecian women raise their eyes
Above the stage, and, sans surprise,
See the grand mountain singing to their souls.

Naxos

WE look down on a streak of lemon land
'Twixt broad Fiume Freddo and the sea.
A little chapel faces on the sand ;
But all is lonely as a land can be,
Save where some small white houses spot the lea.

And this was Naxos. Here Hellenes first
Founded a city on Sicilian shore ;
And yearly, when Sicilian champions thirst
For crowns of the Olympia, here they pour
Their victims' blood, and flood the altar's floor.

Her ally was great Athens. Here her ships,
Her mighty triremes, draw they up the sands ;
And, where to-day from lemon flowers sips
The bee her honey, with their sinewy hands
A thousand hoplites flash their spears and brands.

But when great Athens against Syracuse
Shattered herself to death, to bear her blame,
Naxos, her staunch ally, could not refuse.
And soon in vengeance Dionysius came,
Drowning her men in blood, her walls in flame.

And this was Naxos. From high Taormine
We look on what was once a templed street
Thronged with its people ; now 'mid shade and sheen
Of sunlight, on the gardens at our feet.
Poor Naxos ! But to-day how passing sweet !

The little Wood

I RESTED on a little rocky hill ;
And, sweetly underneath,
A little wood seemed swayed by every breath,
And yet the air was still,

Save for a hollow murmur now and then.
The wood was grey, and green,
And brown, and pink, and yellow ; while, half seen,
Not birds, or beasts, or men,

But little beings, kindred of the leaves,
Floated amid their stems,
And, quick in turning, shone like sparkling gems,
Or flowers bound in sheaves.

Backwards and forwards swayed the bending
trees,
Backwards and forwards still
The tiny creatures, moved by their sweet will,
Curved through them as they please.

A wood as beauteous I had never seen
On earth, or dreamed of it.
Were ever trees for Paradise more fit,
Or on them such a sheen ?

I sighed and said, How is it that on earth
 Such wood not ever sways,
 Nor e'er such beings go their own glad ways?
 Was it divine, their birth?

Oh, ne'er on earth, but often in the sea
 Such fairy fishes move,
 Amid the rocks and seaweeds that they love,
 And share their joys with me.

Pæstum

THREE things sincerely touching mind and
 heart,
 Three things which shape our feelings so that art
 And pathos play with us ere we must part.

Three things. A Grecian temple, stately, grand ;
 A girl that sings and works with voice and hand ;
 A little flower struggling through the sand.

When Ceres here was worshipped, all the stones
 Rang with her festive songs ; now merely moans
 The wind, nor wakes the echo of their tones.

Unless this girl with her long quavering note,
 Letting the mattock rest which lately smote
 The soil, has felt the echo in her throat.

That long sad quavering note remembrance brings
Of such dim, dim, far off, forgotten things,
The columns stand and listen as she sings.

But both are sad. I pluck the little flower
Born of the grey dead dust, that yet has power
For growth and beauty in this evening hour.

Farewell, great temple, with thy glories fled.
Poor girl, good bye ; thy plaintive song is said.
Come, little flower, blooming, not yet dead.

The Old Tower

(RAVELLO)

STERN tower, what canst thou of comfort bring
To our poor souls, though purple be the hills,
And round about thee arms of ivy cling ?

Thy bells have gone. The church no longer fills
With worshippers beneath thy gloomy shade,
Thou far apart from human joys or ills.

A thousand years ago men may have made
Thee for some use, but now thy crumbling stones,
O'er which some roses climb, but always fade,

Are of thy former glory but the bones.
 But still thou standest, while we fall and die,
 Still standest steadfast, mocking all our moans,

Thou made for time, we for eternity.
 But give us something of thy stubborn power,
 And we o'er petty cares no more will cry,

But stand and face the phantoms of the hour,
 And bathe our heads in blue Italian sky
 With not more calm than when the storm clouds
 lower.

I Galli

HERE sang the Syrens, and Ulysses past,
 And struggled, bound for safety to the mast,
 His comrades' ears all stopped with wax, for fear
 Lest any song should strike a foolish ear,
 Because such beautiful, magnetic notes
 Flowed softly from the Syrens' lying throats,
 While in their hearts foul greed and murder dwell ;
 So flowers bloom upon the banks of Hell.
 Ulysses was too tightly bound, in vain
 The Syrens sang for him. But we were fain
 To try our fortune, and, with rowers four,

Ears open, limbs unbound, we ventured o'er
The undulating gold and purple floor,
Much like St. Mark's at Venice, at each rise
Such new harmonious colours caught our eyes,
From Positano. As we neared the isles,
The flowers welcomed us with varied smiles ;
Upon the rocks the little breakers rang ;
Some grey sea swallows softly flew and sang.
Thus charmed, we landed, searched among the
stones

For mariners devoured, found no bones.
Not even scraps of egg shell, orange peel,
Showing that tourists made a recent meal.
But, lest too solitary we should feel,
A cottage, and a tower built by men
Of olden time, Norman or Saracen,
Our oarsmen called them Robbers of the Sea,
Confronted us, and, much more gracefully,
Between two island rocks, far off Capri,
Her huge cliffs purple in the evening glow,
From which, or history lies, Timberio
(For so the Capriotes call him) flung his foe,
His friend of yesterday, down on the rocks.
Such tale of blood and madness feebly mocks
Our present pleasure. E'en the Yankee ship,
Some oil king on a continental trip,
A steam yacht, everything most spick and span,
On which, in garments nautical, the man,
The great man stood, amid a group of misses,

Who flung salutes, and blew us distant kisses.
E'en this most modern copy of Ulysses
Could not disturb our joy, but added to it,
While birds and butterflies and flowers through it
Threaded their way. It was an afternoon
So rare, that e'en the sunset came too soon,
Gilding farewells, and, as we sailed away,
Fitly the coast put on her garb of grey.

The Mountain Nook

(POSITANO)

A LITTLE rivulet, rolling o'er
The cliff, a thousand feet or more,
Her tiny jets, her streamy locks,
Some silvery grey, with gentle shocks
Of silver sound, but others green,
Because the moss betwixt is seen,
And falling too with a green noise,
Made up of spring's harmonious joys
Of ferns and flowers, maidenhair,
A million sprays without a care
Of waste, and blossoms of the peach,
And daphne with a ledge for each
Great spread of leaf and golden bloom,
And here and there some rival broom,
And, whispering answers to the sea,
Her own grey, foamy rosemary.

Right at the top, flecked by the breeze
Not felt below, young olive trees
With clouds caught in their branches play,
Then let them float, their own calm way.
And far, far down, a graceful bridge,
Leaping from stony ridge to ridge,
The sea beyond, and on it pass
A kerchiefed girl, a patient ass
Bearing big jars upon his back,
And then—What hideous noise? Alack,
A motor! Let us turn again,
And, lost in green and silver rain,
And in this myrtle's modest star,
Gladly forget that motors are.

Nemi

THE Lake of Nemi sweetly makes us think
That all the world is green and blue and pink.
Though Nemi and Genzano in their way
Perch, high and white, on cliffs half green half grey,
They do but break the hues that rule the scene,
The different shades of pink and blue and green.
The fields and slopes of green which mount and
meet
Down to the blue-green waters at our feet ;
The vault of blue which arches over all,
Save for a fleck of cloud, majestic,

In hue unstained ; but pink the colour most
 Regnant, that sometimes, like a rosy ghost,
 Plays in the peach trees waving o'er our heads,
 Then o'er the shrub-clothed hills her mantle
 spreads,

Then from young buds upon the lake's wee
 ripples

Dances away, as though deft Nature stipples
 Their green with drops of blood drawn from her
 heart.

O sweetest little lake, from thee to part
 Is a foretaste of death. How calm thou art !
 Yet once from thee great flames and ashes broke,
 Thy beauty burnt and buried ; in thy smoke,
 Poor peasants groping scarce could find their dead.
 We still can trace how a great lava bed
 Crawled down thy sides. But now we cannot
 dream

That thou wast ever what thou dost not seem,
 Now in this perfect April afternoon,
 From which and thee we part how much too soon.
 Thou, glory of the Alban Hills, a gem
 Gleaming upon their breast, the soul of them.
 Even great Rome, which o'er her twenty miles
 Of Campaign, up to her old mother smiles,
 She, crowned with all her grandeur of to-day
 And all her memories, shall not say thee Nay ;
 For, e'en in her, we shall not cease to think
 That all the world is green, and blue, and pink.

The Tone of Life

(RAPALLO)

WHAT is the tone of life? First test
The temper of the ocean here,
As it obeys its own behest.
Afar a grey and lustrous sphere
Sparkling with snowflakes ; 'neath the hills
A purple streak the inlet fills ;

But nearer it is claret red,
And nearer amber, green, and pink,
As round the rocks the wavelets shed
Their rippling lights, now rise, now sink,
And change into fantastic motion
The distant quiet of the ocean.

They roll, they curve, they frown, they smile,
They blush with turquoise, ruby, pearl :
They splash and whisper ; rest awhile,
Then laugh aloud. No winsome girl
Was ever so capricious. Strife
Harmonic, such the tone of life.

A Resting Place

(RAPALLO)

AN ancient, curving fig tree spreads
 Its silvered branches o'er our heads ;
 Higher, the olive's feathers through
 We see the deep Italian blue ;
 Rough walls, and vines that trail above,
 Where little green-grey lizards move,
 And eyes of laughing children peep ;
 A barking dog inclined to leap
 On all intruders by his well ;
 A cistern where white daisies dwell
 And violets, and ivy clings,
 And many other lovely things,
 As lemons pale, and oranges,
 And peach and almond blooms, not trees
 But sprays of jewels, columbine
 In buds, and cypress tall, and pine,
 Blue plum and cherry. How the stream
 With gentle rippling makes us dream
 Things fairer still we hope to see,
 But wake, and know they cannot be !

Now

(RAPALLO)

THE small bell bees a merry tune
 Hum from their painted hive, the tower ;
 The grey-green wavelets rhyme and chime,
 With sweeter whim, the passing hour ;
 The great bell clashes out the noon !

Grasp it or lose it, one quick boon
 God gives or takes. That glinting flower,
 The boat that tacks, the time and clime,
 The pink hills where the storm-clouds lower,
 Your smile—gone, gone, and all too soon !

His Life a Ransom for Many *

(ONE OF THE 'MANY' LOQUITUR)

A NEW sensation this ! how like a worm
 We burrow 'neath the heights we lately
 climbed,
 Only last summer, West and I. Of course

* 'On Saturday last a St. Gothard train was saved from what might have been a most serious disaster by an act of rare courage and devotion on the part of a workman. As the train was heard in the distance, a large stone fell from the rocks above, at the outlet of

You'd sooner be the eagle, soar above,
 And—catch cold, fall down precipices? No,
 The worms for me, since Darwin wrote his book,
 Forced us to love if not quite worship them.
 You have not read it? Then, young eagle, don't ;
 For now we cease our worm-work. Eagle be,
 Or goat that clings to yonder precipice,
 As though its hoofs were cramps of iron, crops
 The scanty grass that veils the rock with green,
 And—look, it falls ! Poor brute, quite thirty feet,
 And such hard jagged points ! No, bravely done,
 Quite marvellous. Not hoofs, say claws of steel,
 He clammers up the rocks as we upstairs.
 But how my blood ran cold to see it fall,
 Before our eyes so nearly dashed to bits,
 And I so nervous ! Now we're worms again,
 Not goats or eagles. Italy at last !
 After a two years' absence, Italy !
 The very name has nurture for the heart,
 And, like her own rich cheeses, shows the milk
 Oozing adown the sides, for she too much
 Of beauty spreads before her worshippers,
 Till every meal's a surfeit ; pictures, skies,

the Polmengo Tunnel. A way-guard who was on the spot succeeded by a great effort in pushing the obstacle aside, but only by the sacrifice of his life, for at the same instant the train came up and, before he could get out of the way, he was caught by the locomotive and was cut to pieces.'—Daily Paper.

Her people singing in her own soft tongue,
 Everywhere Art and Nature hand in hand
 And mouth to mouth, for God has made them one.
 And you have never seen her ! But you've read
 Your Robert Browning, Hare how Rome he
 walked,

Symonds' Renaissance, Jameson's Early Art,
 And skipped Vasari, glanced at Ruskin too.
 Why, you'll do well, with me thrown in as guide.
 The light just glimmers from the tunnel's mouth.
 To-morrow Venice, all stops by the way
 Strictly forbidden. After this mad rush,
 Unbroken, straight from London, gondolas
 The only perfect cure, by day and night
 Gondolas, floating 'neath that blue of blues,
 'Twixt walls of sculptured palaces and whiffs
 Of mildest of havannahs : gondolas,
 Floating and gliding like the gods—The deuce !
 What was that ? Such an awful jolt ! So foolish
 To be so near the engine ! Ugh ! there's blood
 Splashed on the window. One of those damned
 goats

Has found its hoofs are not claws after all.
 But why stop ? Goats are goats, and men are men,
 And table d'hôte's at eight. Hush, what a hubbub !
 What are they saying—'Triste' ? By your leave—
 I understand their lingo.

'Triste,' yes,
 'Horrible.' Why, we were almost killed.

Fancy, he heard the train—don't interrupt—
 What 'he'? The way-guard—heard us coming,
 there

Just at the tunnel's mouth, and lo ! it falls,
 A great stone, right across the line. Suppose
 The engine wheel upon it, engine, train,
 Our souls and bodies down the precipice,
 Thousands of feet below. No time for thought,
 Scarce time for action. What's his business, pray ?
 To keep the line clear. Let a train be smashed,
 His place he loses, wife and children starve.
 And so he rushes down, hurls both his hands,
 His shoulder, all his strength against the rock.
 It moves, but, when he breathes, comes back again,
 And seems more fixed than ever. Then he turned,
 One running up just told us how he turned,
 And looked, ah ! such a glance of pale despair
 And blank determination, first at us,
 The red eye rushing on him, then at him
 Running, too late for help, a glance, no more,
 Then placed both feet against the other rail,
 And backed, arms straining, all the man's whole
 self,

The huge mass gave for all its hugeness, slipped,
 Rolled down the bank, and we were saved. A
 touch

And go ; how nearly let the horror tell.
 For now, his great work ended, up he rose,
 Sprang, only as these mountaineers can spring,

Across the roadway, one foot on the bank,
 Just not saved, for the dreadful fiend had come,
 Struck him, and he was—That the shriek we
 heard,

That was the jolt! How awful! Just in time,
 One moment more, he less in strength and will,
 And we should ne'er see Venice. I shall write
 To-morrow to 'The Times.' 'These engineers
 Are much to blame, are very much to blame.
 I'll wake them up. At last the train moves on.
 Let's hope they'll keep the table d'hôte.

The man

Was brave, you say, and gave his life for ours,
 A hero in his way. Yes, in his way.
 He did his duty, died in doing it.
 Being paid to do it. 'Keep the line clear';
 'That is your work.' He heard, and did his work,
 Pushed off the rock, and thought to spring away,
 Or hoped to do so, but was just too late;
 Another might have done it and been safe.
 Give something to his widow? Certainly,
 I left ten francs for you and me. And put
 A notice in 'The Times.' But do not gush,
 And try to make a lion of a mouse.
 Let's change the subject. Talk of goats, indeed!
 The pines will grow where goats have never clung.
 What a steep gradient! Now the roughness
 drops,
 Slides quickly off her beauteous head and bust,

And Italy stands out herself, unveiled,
 Unmantled now, to clasp us in her arms.
 'Twas in such Alps that Titian learnt to think
 In mountain forms, but grace and colour drew
 From Venice, from his Italy's own cheeks,
 That ever redden with the rushing blood,
 When artists kiss her. Blood! Where? Ugh!
 The guard
 Should have cleaned off the stains. How strange
 to think
 We might have all been killed, if that poor fellow
 Had not pushed off the rock, as he was bound.
 Would I have done it? Well, I hardly know.
 I'll send a hundred lire to his wife.
 And now please, Horace, not another word.
 The thing is over. Have a weed instead.
 Indeed you take away one's appetite
 For view and dinner.

Padua

HERE Giotto Dante met, great Dante met
 Great Giotto! He who made his country's
 tongue,
 Whose love for her, his own Firenze, lost,
 Sold to her tyrants, pierced and burnt his heart,
 Until his pen, dipped in its blood, bit hard

The chart of his Inferno, but found wings,
His angel's, leaving all that wrack behind,
And all that dim world of uncertain spirits,
To see, encircled with the whirl of souls,
Of angels, powers, principalities,
No less than God ! He met in Padua
That other great Florentine. He had kept,
Like David, his few sheep upon the hills,
And dreamt of forms so beautiful, his hand
Must limn them, now, however much his flock
May graze and roam. A muleteer has dropped
A twig of charcoal. Here upon this slab,
Two sheep, the shepherds watching, low grey
clouds

Such as are folding his blue Tuscan hills,
And angels floating on them, singing songs
Sweeter than David's. Lo ! Cimabue
Saw the rude sketch, and saw the soul behind,
And Giotto in Firenze paints at will,
Thus sings his psalms ; then comes to Padua,
And in the Arena, where they shed the blood
Of saints because they could not slay their souls,
He paints the Christ ; and Dante meets him there.
In the great new Piazza see them stand,
Those great twin brethren. Let us stay and look.
The modern sculptor gives them altitude
And space enough, and grandeur of a sort,
Keeness of face and vision. But apart,
They stand apart, he with his palette, he

With his Commedia, all fitly told,
 So he who runs, or even stands, may read ;
 But still apart. He should have made them knit
 Together. Dante should have placed his hand
 On Giotto's shoulder as a brother may,
 Dropped his great volume, so the other hand
 May hold the drawing Giotto also holds,
 Pointing his finger where Injustice sits,
 True Justice aping on his judgment seat,
 With grave stern face, but in his hand a rake
 With grappling teeth, and weeds that grow to
 trees

Before his seat, of selfishness and lust,
 And cruel pride ; where Anger tears her robes,
 And bares her brutal breast, and storms and
 storms,

And is most impotent ; where Folly stands
 Clothed in fantastic tatters, lifts his club,
 Such club as Hercules once wielded well,
 Now not to slay a giant, but a fly.
 And Dante pricks each symbol with a name,
 Gives each its carnal, sure epitome,
 And each in the Inferno has his place,
 Now and for ever. But his brow unwrinkles,
 As Giotto shows another with a smile,
 As God smiles. See the old man with the beard,
 Curling and white, such pleasure in his face,
 Content supreme, for now at last the sun
 Has waked his old expectant spring to life.

To summer rapture. Not the angel, look,
Poised on the cloud, feels such a joy as his,
For in his old, weak arms he holds the Christ.
'Now lettest Thou Thy servant part in peace,
Mine eyes have seen'—You see that his eyes see,
What his heart feels, as Giotto, Dante saw.
Simeon and Giotto, Dante, you and I,
All see and feel it. And the Babe stands up,
No doubt, and blesses, as Bellini drew
His stately Babes, and thus reveals the God.
Nay, look. For Giotto had a baby brother,
And when the old great-uncle o'er the hill
Came, leaning on his staff, to see the child
And took, and kissed and blessed it, how he turned
To get back to his loving mother's arms !
E'en so the Babe to the Madonna here,
Here in the drawing. Do you doubt it, go,
And look in the Arena Church, and learn
How simple is true genius, how the man
With God joins best in sweet simplicity,
How in the highest Nature still is best.
And Dante saw it, kissed his Giotto's cheeks,
Could not but kiss them, walked in silence home,
Took down that awful manuscript of Hell,
Eager to write the wretches down, but stopped,
And never wrote a line in it that night,
But thought and thought, not of Firenze false,
Of his exile, of all the wounds, and lies,
And buffets of the world ; of Paradise,

And love, and Beatrice, till the sun,
 Bathing the casement, touched his tired eyes
 To dreams of light and beauty. Padua,
 Where Giotto talked with Dante !

Maderno

YONDER is Sirmione. Through the mist
 Translucent, silvery, you see her smile
 Her own sweet smile, which once Catullus sung,
 The little eye of all the Lake, the tongue
 Her charm that heralds to the other isle,
 There by Manerba, which the sun has kissed.

Manerba, once the haunt of robber bands,
 Now white with clumps of snowdrops, gives the
 Lake

Her welcomed waterfalls, and views Salò
 Glean with white houses terracing the sands
 And rising 'mid the olives. How they make
 A grey-green mantle for the rocks and snow !

There, higher up the Lake, the rocks may rise
 Above Gargnano with its lemon limes,
 And, like Norwegian fiords, grimly frown,
 Until they sink by Riva's nestling town,
 Its fields and tracery of hanging vines,
 Where Arco's beetling castle breaks the skies.

But we are at Maderno. Here once thrived
Gonzaga's virile race, who left their home
At Mantua, to build a palace sweet.
Pictures and gardens blest their eyes, their feet
The azure waters laved, but in the foam
Of lust they squandered life, until survived

But one, the last, a weak and vicious fool,
Of all that noble line, and when he died,
Hight Ferdinando Carlo—great the name,
But not so great as his eternal shame—
Their grandeur sank in ruin, all that pride
Of mind and soul drowned in a muddy pool.

So sin reaps. So an older tale is told
Of robbers, with one Carpio as chief,
Who, fools and knaves, would rob strong Hercules.
He beat them with his club, and then did seize
And throw into the Lake each daring thief,
Ever as fish to feed on veins of gold.

And still their flesh is of a golden hue,
And still, if mindful, they regret the time
They'd spoil a demigod. They feed in deeps,
Where the rough Ora raging o'er them sweeps,
Where stalwart rowers beat their measured rhyme,
And great sails bulge and flap their brown and
blue.

O Jodoco, thou monk of genial art,
 Would I might view Benaco with thee, then
 Write lines Vergilian of olives growing,
 Of vines, of gaily through the blue waves rowing
 And casting nets, the wily fishermen,
 Of all that life of which thou wert the heart.

Where the sun shines so warmly, great Apollo,
 The sun god, had a temple. Day by day
 His worshippers came here with beeves and flowers
 The oracle to waken. What long hours
 They waited, listening what the god might say
 With voice mysterious from his cavern hollow !

Only two columns of that temple stand
 Imbedded in a church, where dragons quaint
 Climb o'er the doorway, mingled here and there
 With classic chariots, and lost in prayer,
 Kneeling, the careworn figure of a saint
 Frescoed, and grinning gargoyles on each hand.

Before them, on a Sunday afternoon
 Come trailing down the peasants from the hills
 To hear the band their merry music play,
 Mascagni, Verdi. Who would fear to say
 With sound the drummer the piazza fills,
 Or scarcely booms enough the big bassoon ?

And must we leave Benaco, leave in tears?
Nay, see our little lion of St. Mark
Bend towards Venice, almost flap his wings,
His mind so full of great, immortal things.
And may we fly with him, until—Yes, hark!
It is the shouting of the gondoliers.

Tremezzo

TREMEZZO, centred thrice, for opposite,
The long low boss of green Bellagio
Sees Como's Lake thrust out three curling arms,
One north towards the Alps, where Collico
Lies low beneath Vergnone, capt with cloud,
Furrowed with snow, or from grey Musso frowns
The ruined fortress of that soldier thief,
Curse of the Medici, who thrice three years
O'er these fair waters tyrannised. The boss
Of green Bellagio divides two arms ;
One winds to Lecco its more rugged course,
One our Tremezzo guards, across whose streams
The bells, the most sonorous, sweetest too,
San Giovanni's, roll their summons out
To prayer or meditation. Thence it winds
'Twixt towns and villas, churches, gardens, groves,
A varied world of charms, till Como takes
Its upmost waters, where the Duomo rich

With marble as with fresco points the way
To richer Milan.

Tremezzo, centred thrice. For there she cooed,
That plaintive pigeon who in solitude
Perched on our chamber chair, and human friend-
ship wooed.

And there the nightingale, by night and day,
To suit man's meditations, grave or gay,
Sings in sequestered groves her ever changeful lay.
There too the nibbio with one long leap
Of long brown wings, drops to the waters deep,
Seizes its finny prey, and up again does sweep.

Tremezzo, centred thrice. Brown lizards crawl,
Nay, run along the sunny creviced wall,
Run, climb, cling, leap, but never, never fall.
And when grey night looks down so softly stern,
See by the fountain how the fireflies burn,
Douse and relight their lamps at every wayward
turn,

But, queen of all the grey night's flying things,
Close to the pendent lamp, her velvet wings
Spreads out the giant moth, and, charmed for ever,
clings.

Tremezzo, centred thrice. The steamboats blow
Great puffs of smoke, and beat the lake below

To waves, and thrum and thrum. There, let them
thrum, and go.

See in their waves the small boats fall and rise.
The rowers standing push, in various guise
White shirts, red bands, their oars, and vanish
from our eyes.

Rounding Lavedo's promontory, note
That white-winged swan, a heavy timber boat,
Aided with giant oars, scarce gently moving, float.

Tremezzo, centred thrice. The cypress spire
Thrusts her green fingers, always higher, higher,
As if to pierce the sky she boldly did aspire.
The grey-stemmed plane trees spread a welcome
shade

Along our path, the lake a mirrored glade
Of leaves, and on the bank a columned colonnade.
Mingles the wind the olive's diadem
Of silver-grey with many a burning gem
Of roses twisting round its quaint and twisted
stem.

Tremezzo, centred thrice. Nay, many times
A poetry of their own in coloured rhymes
Sing out thy native blooms, or charmed from
foreign climes.

Roses, thy roses cluster everywhere,
The painter's hope soon turned to glad despair,

Their colour and their scent so saturate the air.
 As some proud prince decked for a festival
 The scarlet spikes of aloe bloom, but fall
 Dead in their pride. Pink clumps of daisies splash
 the wall.

Tremezzo, centred thrice. Of thee we thought
 Before we knew thee or thy lake. Thy charms
 Imagination drew with brushes dipped
 In fancy's colours. Those imagined charms
 Have gone for ever, merged in present joy.
 Tremezzo, thou art lovelier than thought
 Or fancy e'er could make thee. Old and new
 In thee so harmonise with nature's tones,
 We wish for nought more sweet. Yon ancient
 tower,

Once threatening thy happiness, looks down
 Grey with experience, and, if its stones
 Could utter what they feel, would roundly swear,
 Using some barbarous oath of the past,
 That Como and Tremezzo grow in grace,
 And never were so beauteous as to-day.
 But now the present too is vanishing.
 Sounds shrill the steamer's whistle. Addio.
 Thou lovely spot, farewell. A brief ten days
 Of thee have filled so full our minds and hearts,
 That thou wilt be a joy for ever : dreams
 In greyer homes shall take a tinge from thee,
 Turning the brick to marble, fog to sun,

Despair to hope, and life shall leap again
By bathing in thy memories. Farewell.
Past, present, future, which is still the best?
The future. We shall have thee as our own
And at thy loveliest. No cold or cloud
Shall mar thy beauties or our perfect joy.
We'll have a chest of visions or of dreams,
And turn an easy key within the wards,
And open each compartment as we will.
Now it shall be that thunderstorm, now morn
Shall kiss the mountains, now the fireflies glint,
Now banks of roses blush, now gleaming oars
Splash merrily. And if to other things
We turn, for commonplace is dominant,
And work and duty tightly hold each hand,
Then back again to thee. Thus fare ye well,
Tremezzo; leaving thee we have thee still.
Our host is now our guest, our heart thy home.
We see and hold thee with a firmer grasp,
With keener eyes than when, with thee around,
We wrote and sketched and wandered. Said a
sage
That 'Distance lends enchantment to the view'?
Presence is better. Thou art with us still.

A Poem by Longfellow, with two
Sequences*

VILLA CARLOTTA
GIA SOMMAVIVA
TREMEZZO

NO sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks
The silence of the summer day,
As by the loveliest of all lakes
I whiled the idle hours away.

I paced the leafy colonnade,
Where level branches of the plane
Above me weave a roof of shade,
Impervious to the sun or rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,
And gleams of sunshine toss and flare
Like torches down the path I tread.

By Sommaviva's garden gate
I make the marble stairs my seat,
And hear the water as I wait
Lapping the stones beneath my feet.

* At Tremezzo, on Lake Como, I found this poem by Longfellow, printed and framed, with Italian and German translations, in the hall of our hotel.

The modulation sinks and swells
Along the stony parapets,
And far away the floating bells
Tinkle upon the fishers' nets.

Silent and slow by tower and town
The freighted barges come and go,
Their pendent shadows gliding down
By town and tower submerged below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore
With villas scattered one by one
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower
Bellagio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,
Stands beckoning up the Stelvio Pass
Varenno with its white cascade.

I ask myself, is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision, do not fade away ;
Linger until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the Lake.

Linger until upon my brain
 Is stamped an image of the scene,
 Then fade into the air again,
 And be as if thou hadst not been.

FIRST SEQUENCE

THINE were these verses, poet true,
 Sitting where now I humbly sit,
 Longing to live thine hours through,
 See with thine eyes the shadows flit.

These banks of roses blushed for thee,
 This splashing fountain leaped and fell,
 The greyness of the olive tree,
 Across the lake the deep-toned bell,

Attuned to nature's solemn hues,
 The kite that circling cleaves the air,
 This picture with such greens and blues
 So harmonised, it all was there ;

Its soul heard, seen, and felt by thine,
 Soul so receptive, that we know
 And feel in each true tender line,
 Italy's own chiaroscuro.

We owe thee much for making clear
Dark and high things to simple eyes ;
The heaven of earth was thine, and near
Thou to our duller sympathies

Didst bring it, till from little roots
Of faith and fervour it uprose
In double growth, and yielded fruits
And flowers, here a climbing rose,

And there an orange, globe of gold.
Each was of thee, and each is ours ;
A story by the poet told
Is not for one or two brief hours,

It is immortal. Thirty years
This has been written, but to-day
The reading heart with angels' spears
Is touched, and thy impromptu lay,

Dear poet, dead but living still,
Soothes our sad souls, and weaves a spell
So that thy words and mystic will
Enshrine us in thy citadel

Of love and truth, and Como's Lake
Since once for thee, gleams ever fair.
Such beauty for its own sweet sake,
And thine, can't vanish into air.

SECOND SEQUENCE

TO-NIGHT how changed thy peaceful scene !
Such sight sublime thou didst not see,
Or else, its miracles had been
Mirrored upon thy lines and thee.

And yet it has an awful charm :
The very storm has brought its rest,
As the great God had raised His arm,
Only to draw us to His breast.

The wind in gushes sweeps the lake.
Those lapping wavelets smile no more,
But loud the rolling waters make
A splashing thud upon the shore.

Hear on the spreading palm tree fall
The heavy rain in thunder drops.
The night draws round her blackest pall
Of darkness over all—but stops !

See ! All at once the distant hills
Are outlined clear, the villas stand
White in Bellagio, as thrills
The moment of a faery land,

The bosky brow, the snowy height,
The church, in purple frame is set,
The foreground flooded by a light
Suffused with silvery violet.

'Tis dark, more dark. The thunders peal,
And echo shouts and shouts again,
And rolls, and murmurs, till we feel
It die into the pelting rain.

And now the flashes come so fast
Sheet slashed with fork, the walls so quake,
Has some new Jove in anger cast
His thunderbolts upon our lake?

Or do wide searchlights on the waves
Their fierce spasmodic flashes beat?
Is this the calm blue lake that laves
—'Tis yet to-day—the fisher's feet?

Is this the lake our poet sung
Of 'perfect beauty'? Yes, oh yes!
And ne'er before has round it clung
More sweet but awful loveliness.

And while the thunder rolls away,
And faint, more faint the lightning gleams,
The scene still holds its sovran sway,
And limns its likeness on our dreams.

Monte Rosa

AT Macugnaga under Monte Rosa
 I sat one Sunday morning, and uprose a,
 Through thoughts of God, a kind of prayer to her,
 She would at once dispel the clouds behind her
 And falling o'er her face, that I might find her,
 Her pure white face, and be her worshipper.

A streamlet, all her various vocal phrases
 Ruled by dividing rocks, her cheerful praises
 Joined with my prayers, and never ceased to sing,
 And gold, and white, and pink, and purple flowers,
 With ferns from stones that peeped, the circling
 hours
 Dappled with joy, but ne'er my joy did bring.

A church with its Italian modest spire
 Prayed from the vale, and ever, higher, higher,
 The pines their spires thrust towards the sky.
 But all their psalms availed not, until clinging
 To rock from rock, a little goat came ringing
 His bell to let me know the grace was nigh.

Then for a minute one pale white cloud drifted,
 Down and away : above its veil she lifted
 Her head and smiled. We hailed that little while
 Her lofty brow, so full of maiden glory,
 And yet with untold silver age so hoary,
 That youth and age were wedded in her smile.

A minute, then all cloudland closed upon her,
Jealous because for one brief minute shone her
Bright face on poor humanity below,
But also kind, because our human weakness
Of eye and soul cannot endure, in meekness
Though clad, for long the radiance of her snow.

Since I have seen her purple-grey, when nightly
Round and above her shone the glad stars brightly,
Glad to be seen to crown her as their queen.
And now I see her when this summer morning
Gives her the earliest token of its dawning.
A cape of mingled rose and golden sheen.

Yes, she is always grand, but so stupendous,
So much above us, that to love and lend us
Some gentle thoughts, we dare not look to her.
These take we from the moss and flowers greeting
The climbing goats, their little bells and bleating ;
But still must I remain her worshipper.

The Anza

'N EATH Ponte Grande's graceful bridge
Springing, one arch, from ridge to ridge
Of rock and flower, fir and fern,
With colour new at every turn

On stone, and grass, and tree,
Its waters beaten on the rocks
Into a thousand fleecy flocks
Of wavelets, who with constant song
Do cheer us as they dance along,
The Anza seeks the sea.

The chapel on a promontory
Tells on a mossy slab the story,
How the huge river swamped the valley
Flooding the fields, and church, and chalet.
A hundred years ago.
And still does Monte Rosa far,
Far, far above us, threaten war
On us who boldly sketch her grace,
By casting on us from her face
Her endless weight of snow.

Hark ! how the river sings aloud—
‘I came this morning from the cloud
Which softened e’en the glacier’s wrath,
Strewing great rocks adown her path,
I came from higher yet,
From where but yesterday the sun
Melted the snow upon the stone,
Which stands now like a broken tower,
Or, in the eve’s transfiguring power,
A gilded minaret.

'I came as cold as ice is cold ;
 But now in me your hands you hold,
 For me the sprinkled flowers hymn
 Their thanks, in me the fishes swim,
 The snow no more for me !
 My narrow vale I'll soon forsake,
 And find in Italy's great lake
 A grander but no lasting home.
 At last, some of my being, some,
 Shall taste and find the sea.'

The Emigrant

ADDIO, ragazze,
 Revedere, me nel cielo

L'aggrime al cielo !
 A lasciare Bannio.
 . . strade ferrate !

Addio, addio, addio,
 Addio cari. Addio cari.

(This, all I could make out of a pencil scribble on a little shrine near Bannio. Many of the inhabitants, especially the men, of the Vall' Ollacchia, and of the larger Val d'Anzasca, emigrate to South America.

Though Zoe is a Greek name, a little Bannio fairy playing with flowers, who came to me bashfully for a biscuit, lisped to me that this was her name.)

Dear Bannio, 'tis but to-morrow,
And I, in that thrice cursed train,
While up to heaven my tears shall rain,
And down to thee, must part in sorrow.

In sorrow I must leave the girls
Whose skin is stained with dark red wine,
Whose eyes beneath their locks will shine,
No more on me, like ebon pearls.

A fig for hue and eyes and hair !
From these, though sweet, with ease I'd part,
But gentle Zoe has my heart,
And she of all is passing fair.

And fairer in her heart than face.
My ring is round that heart, I know ;
Our Blessed Virgin of the Snow
Will save and bless her for my sake.

High up within the painted dome,
Her silver bust, amid the saints
On clouds reclining, never faints,
But guards Her Bannio's hearth and home,

And every soul within our vale.
So, Zoe, She will guard thee still,
When, in some forest in Brazil,
I'll see thy face so sadly pale,

Pale as our lilies gently die,
When, stained with streaks of brown, is done
Their short life 'neath the summer sun,
The lilies of Saint Anthony.

Now fare ye well, deep chestnut woods ;
Ye heaps of burrs, ye frisking goats ;
Ye great green lizards with long throats
Of azure ; ye resounding floods

Along the valley far beneath ;
Ye hawks that sail the welkin through,
Making great circles in the blue ;
Ye squirrels with the small white teeth.

Farewell, ye twin and lofty towers,
Pointing to heaven, beneath whose shade
So often I have sung and played
In childhood's golden careless hours.

Farewell, each white and rocky height ;
An eager boy how oft I've seen
From you, amid the pastures green,
Great Monte Rosa fade from sight,

Veiling her face behind a cloud.
 As now I hide mine in my hand,
 But through it see our own dear land,
 And hear the grilli chirp aloud.

Farewell, ye tinkling bells that chime
 And tell us where to find the cows,
 As on the woody slopes they browse,
 And lead them home at milking time.

O'er stony banks and fallen trees,
 How skips aside the sportive calf,
 Making us follow, leap and laugh !
 Has Buenos Ayres joys like these ?

Farewell, ye flowers and ferns I twine
 Into a last sad happy pair
 Of nosegays, one for Zoe's hair,
 The other for the Virgin's shrine.

Two golden tributes from the broom,
 Laburnum's golden tresses, two,
 And yellow violets and blue
 That love the moss and banks of gloom,

'Neath fallen rocks. This sunny spot
 Gives pinks, and lilies proud and tall,
 All orange, others white and small,
 And, best of all, forget-me-not.

One cluster of white saxifrage
For each dear bunch. I bind them now ;
I hear the bells, their loud and low ;
I kneel upon the moss brown stage

Of stone beneath the shrine, where red
And green and blue, the women cry,
Poor souls, in their sweet misery,
To Jesus of the thorn-crowned head.

And 'He consoles,' 'tis written here,
'The women of Jerusalem.'
Console me too ; I kneel with them,
And think of Zoe. Calm my fear,

I too need comfort, Saviour blest.
To-morrow with how sad a heart
From darling Zoe must I part,
And leave, poor bird, my mother's nest,

And our own vale, and Bannio !
Upon the shrine let others write
What words they will ; I stain the white
With my black pencilled — 'Addio,'

And 'Addio' again, again ;
'Addio, Zoe,' so I think
I write with blood instead of ink,
And dip my pencil in my pain.

My hand is weak, my eyes are full
 Of tears, more full of tears my soul.
 'Tis vain, I cannot write the whole ;
 Words cannot hold it, yet they lull

Sad thoughts that still will fret and pain.
 'Addio, cari.' Can I move
 Hence to that dear, dear home I love,
 Where I shall never sleep again ?

'Addio,' just one more sad token,
 'Addio.' Hush ! the great bell rings
 The Angelus. To all it brings
 Christ's peace. But me—my heart is broken !

Cascata Rosana

(BANNIO)

WE sit below the waterfall rebounding
 From rock to rock : its foamy waters,
 sounding
 Their own loud praise, all other sounds repel.
 We cannot hear, although we feel them singing,
 The linnets, nor, although we feel it ringing,
 Anzino's evening bell.

Is it in vain amid this roar our listening?
 No; see them 'mid the cliffs and fir trees glistening;
 Their melody no noisy stream repels.
 We feel them, and we hear them through our
 feeling,
 Hands of the wild laburnum gently pealing
 Their million golden bells.

Theocritus at Stachelberg

LEAVE not your book because
 The sun is shining clear.
 Wordsworth has potent laws,
 But rules not everywhere.
 Matthew, that fine old man,
 May rhyme it o'er the hills:
 Bookless, our Wordsworth can
 Find poems in daffodils.
 But we, mere men or boys,
 Will take our book with us.
 So, to this streamlet's noise
 Roll out Theocritus.
 This is the sweetest weather,
 Here is the greenest strand,
 England and Greece together
 Shall meet in Switzerland.

That old Greek poet learnt
The charm of nature's art ;
Sicilian summers burnt
Her lessons on his heart.
So Vergil went to him
For nature's voices true,
Dressed them in verses trim,
But let the soul break throughli.
And Shenstone, Pope, and Gray,
Such inspiration flowing,
Felt, each in his own way,
The Greek within him growing.
And Milton's Lycidas,
Shelley for Keats who wept
In words that shall not pass
Till death himself has slept ;
Arnold, whose verses melt,
Through classic models burning,
When in his friend he felt
Theocritus returning ;
And other poets' pains
Has soothed that rustic peace,
Thou, in thy tuneful strains,
Didst pipe, last voice of Greece.
How yet thy fishermen,
Herds, women, sing and play !
As thou didst hear them then,
We hear them all to-day.
This, this thy verse has done.

We crown thee with the snows'
 The mountains' coronal,
 Rubies of Alpine rose.
 We crown thee with the lilies
 That grow, in sunshine meet,
 Here, where the water sallies,
 And tumbles by our feet.
 We crown thee. Of thy lays
 A noble wreath we twine,
 But will not over praise ;
 All nature was not thine.
 For no Sicilian spring,
 Falling from classic hill,
 Did e'er so blithely sing,
 As does this noisy rill.
 It dances through the trees,
 It longs, it leaps to wet us ;
 Now send your swarms of bees,
 Hyblœa and Hymettus.
 Theocritus, your bard,
 Bion and Moschus too,
 Will they not find it hard
 As well to blend the blue,
 And green, and pink, and grey
 Into one strain of beauty,
 As it, in nature's way,
 Doing its simple duty,
 Catching the July rains,
 Drinking the glacial snows,

Purging the heart of pains,
And singing as it goes?
Purely the Breithorn peeps
Through maple leaves above,
But more it loves the deeps
Where great pink lilies move,
Bowing their eager thanks,
And soft spiræas cluster
Adown its ferny banks,
And bees do humming muster,
To fill their tiny cells.
Now, leave the bächlein, look,
Listening its thousand bells,
Once more upon your book.
Wreath ferns about your hat,
The maple and the beech.
Theocritus once sat
Thus, and let nature teach,
Until his idylls grew ;
And now have sweeter grown,
Because a beetle flew,
And settled on that stone,
A spot of green and gold ;
Because through long red roots
A baby stream is bold
To trickle, and then shoots
Down to the parent stream ;
Because a small moth comes,
Letting his white wings gleam

On blue geraniums.
 The dappled sunbeams shine
 On yellow water mosses,
 Until with gold they line
 The stones : the wavelet tosses
 Its diamonds aloft,
 Amid the sunny spray,
 Turns them in shade to soft
 Pearls of a silver grey.
 Hark, through the lesser sounds,
 I hear the waters brawl,
 Leaping, with monstrous bounds,
 Through the Sefinen Thal
 So do not hear you read ;
 So scarcely see you look,
 From these earth's fancies freed,
 Down on your poet's book.
 His art was true and good :
 Truer and better hers,
 Who gives such scented food
 To all her worshippers.
 Your idyll you have done ?
 Then leave me here alone.
 Not yet have ceased to run
 This water o'er this stone ;
 The scented orchid still
 Is ready to my hand.
 Leave me to muse until
 I wake in faery land,

Where poets live their songs.
Your bard there I shall greet
With what to him belongs
Of all that is most sweet,
In nature and in man,
And something more of God
Than Artemis or Pan
Could bring him at his nod.
And there, not sweeter, no,
For that could never be,
This very stream shall flow
Under this maple tree,
These very bees shall hum,
Shall blow this mountain wind.
Come, comrade, quickly come,
And leave your book behind.
This is no place for books.
But Shakespeare still is true,
'Books in the running brooks.'
Shakespeare and Wordsworth too,
Theocritus and all,
Who help our eyes to see
How nature's coronal
Is weaved by poesy.

The Sefinen Thal

(Whit-Monday)

SOME friends, a pleasant walk in early June
Up the Sefinen Thal, a winding path
'Mid lofty pine trees crowned with drooping cones,
'Mid lofty pines which shed a welcome shade,
'Mid lofty pines whose aromatic scent
Tells of the mountains, like the tinkling bells
Of sportive goats, or deep-toned watery bells
Of cows more sober, cropping flowered grass.
Such flowers, some we call in England rare
Or find not, others common too at home,
But here in plenteousness and hue so rare,
So rich, the purple gentian, the white
Anemone or sulphur, beds on beds
Of sky forget-me-not, geranium
That loves the meadows, yellow flower globes,
Red campion, and dark marsh marigolds,
So large, across the petals measured not
Half a long finger, all commingled, bossed,
Like some great eastern carpet ; but the hand
Of God had worked the loom. These left behind,
The holly fern, the little crocus white
Or purply pink, and, sweetest of them all,
Linnæa Borealis, in their zones
Marked how we climbed. The valley walls were
high.
Here jodelling peasants piled in heaps the stones

And broken trees a winter slide of snow
Had scattered o'er their fields ; here snow itself
Descended in a slope that bridged the stream
Brawling beneath it ; here a waterfall,
A lesser Staubach, fell in floating waves
Of sun-lit vapour ; here huge tumbled rocks
Had fallen long ago, but conquered not
For all their fierce descent ; one nature's hand
Chained round with creepers, one a dwarfish pine
Pressed with brown feet, and made with scanty shade
A restful seat. At last we reached the end,
The end of all things. Waterfalls around
Streamed from the cliffs ; the ice slope seemed to
fall

Ever, but fell not, while our path was stayed
By snow and ice and mighty buttresses
Of rock, two giants ; one the other topped,
But both imperious, insistent both
To stay all progress. Thus far shall ye go,
But no, no further. Mighty wings around
Of black but white-streaked rock they stretched,
and made

Sure their commands. So we, submissive, meek,
Where vain were all rebellion, having gazed,
Fixed the great sight for ever in our minds,
Which death might solemnise but not erase,
Slow turned to go, but ever with bent necks
And frequent pauses. All at once a sound
Trembled above, but swelled into a roar,

The muffled roar of a huge avalanche
That struck in vain those bastions of rock,
But shook our souls. With clouds the heights
were veiled ;

Hung a great curtained line of dark grey mist
Along those sombre wings of precipice.
We saw not how it fell. It rumbled on,
And then, adown that wall of ashen black
Sprang suddenly and fell a stream of snow,
So fine, so liquid, jets so vaporous,
That some one urged, ' It is a waterfall
We have missed seeing.' But the volumed snow
Now fell in thicker folds, now died away,
And then another stream fell further off,
Another, then another, stream on stream,
Cascades of which each seemed more beautiful,
More wondrous than its fellow. Suddenly
They ceased. We breathed again. It was no time
For meagre words : no poet's reaching thought,
Nor Keats nor Coleridge, could have framed the
words

To fit such music. There was better yet,
Something more wondrous still to come, for God
For eyes and hearts that see holds not His hand,
But on us pours His miracles. One stood,
We found her standing on a mass of rock
O'ergrown with creepers, with a face of awe,
Eyes fixed, voice hushed. ' But now it seemed,'
she said,

‘The sky had fallen.’ Then we gazed with her.
It fell again. A subtle tremor ran
Along the tops, an awful voice subdued,
More felt than heard, and then from out the cloud,
That jagged edge that moved but never rose
Or dropped, there fell, what seemed a part of it,
Fell all at once a sheet of dazzling snow,
Silver in vapour, no dull heavy mass,
But falling gently like the kiss of peace,
The hand of benediction. From its edge
Shot out a thousand coils of eager snakes,
Each of white fire, each in open mouth
Bearing a pearl, to tell the world below
That heaven was falling, and the world was hushed
To see it fall. Weak words, weak words again,
Fantastic images that strain the truth,
Or veil it. Peace! Or, as the Children sang
From out the furnace, so we, children too.
How small, how impotent, how full of joy!
Out of this awful furnace of His Love,
White-heated, seven times fiercer, gentler too,
Out of this dread, stupendous Whitsuntide,
The Holy Ghost descending like a dove,
A white-winged dove and tongues of fire of snow
Lighting upon our hearts, may dare to sing,
Our awe-struck souls responsive to their praise,
Mountains and hills, ye ice and snow, ye men,
Praise ye the Lord. Him ever magnify.

Above Triquent

SHE sat amid the ferns and limestones sketch-
ing ;

I, both my hands to feel the cool breeze stretch-
ing,

Sat on some logs a dozen feet below.

With pines the hills were solemnly invested ;

Above were sombre rocks, which towering crested
The Dent du Midi with his crown of snow.

Far, far below, the Triège sang in chorus

With birds from pine to pine that flew before us ;

Now and again we heard a tinkling bell ;

Once an old cart wound up the roadway creaking,

And down some peasant women, gently speaking,

Let a ' Bon jour ' of their quick passing tell.

High up, a mile or so across the valley

Was dotted here and there a tiny chalet ;

We just could see some children moving there ;

And higher still, pale clouds were softly swim-
ming,

As though their sympathy would not be dimming

Even with their shifting forms a scene so fair.

Close by in one black line the ants were crawling.

Lo ! from a cherry tree a petal falling,

A frond of oak-fern tipped with silvern spire ;
Beneath, a dewdrop with the green was tinted,
When suddenly a glancing sun's ray glinted,
And made all three a little shrine of fire.

A shepherd dog came leaping higher, faster,
Then running back and spying for his master ;
He looked and knew dear Lucy was his friend,
Curled at her feet for some five minutes' pleasure,
Then lazily climbed upward at his leisure,
But soon ran back to find where she would wend.

Between us two a word was never spoken.
I wrote, she painted ; silence was the token
That we were near each other, that was all.
Enough that for us both the sun was shining,
The trees their shades beneath were intertwining,
Sang out for both the distant waterfall ;

That sight and sound our natures were infusing
With something grand of Mother Nature's choos-
ing.

That both our pencils caught a touch of it.
Though on our way we must ere long be starting
Regret would never be eternal parting,
Here was a vision that could never flit,

Never. With other scenes perhaps more splendid,
But not more dear, our eyes might be befriended,

But this would ever breathe its own sweet breath.
In far-off England, on a bed of sickness
This would revive, and with its fairy quickness,
As with a wand, drive off the gloom of death.

And since we both the same pure scene were
viewing,
A common thought and feeling thence ensuing
Knitted our lives together. Nevermore,
Though there should come dull skies and wintry
weather
And aching hearts, since here we were together,
Could things be quite as they had been before.

And so a fresh Spring love was born between her
And me, though so unworthy; something keener
Thrilled us; a light more splendid shone from
heaven;
As on strong wings our hearts were thither carried,
And lost in light. And we had long been married,
And she was forty-six, I fifty-seven.

The Spital Matte

STAY for a minute, thou who hurriest on
To top the Gemmi, see the Matterhorn,
E'en Monte Rosa, if the sky be clear.
Thy aim is high, and yet for thoughtful hearts

Here may be something higher. Stay awhile,
 And view this little hill. The summer flowers,
 Rich beds of pink and yellow gem the sides
 Of mantling green ; its top is crowned with pines,
 They crowned with drooping cones. A placid
 scene

Of peace and beauty ! Yes, so is the grave
 In yon churchyard ye know so well, where love
 Waters the snowdrops on your darling's grave.
 True, but why talk of dust and epitaphs,
 Here where all breathes of life ? Then turn your
 face,

Let your eye travel upwards to the top
 Of awful Altels, its great stream of ice,
 And grim dark precipice. Mark that black front
 Beside the gleaming white ; mark the shale slope
 Beneath it. It is scarce four years ago
 When these huge rocks which base our lovely hill
 Were part of that black front, when these green
 pines,

Topping our hill, grew on that shaly slope
 With hundreds more, a mass of brown and green,
 Beneath the cliff which bore the weight of ice,
 Melting and splashing down its rugged sides
 With sounds that chimed in with the jangling
 bells

Of cows that fed beneath, and jodelling cries
 Of watching herdsmen. There they fed and slept,
 Herdsmen and herd together, lusty life,

Amid the blooms and grasses and the airs
That tempered the fierce heat. For many a year
Had not such heat been felt. The grass grew
hard

And burnt the pasture. E'en some springs had
failed

That ne'er had failed before. The rock grew hot,
Hotter and hotter, and no frost at night

Rebound the glacier to the steeper slope.

So, all at once, on that September day

When the great snows were pink with touch of
dawn,

When the calm cows had scarce begun to feed,

And herdsmen still were sleeping, all at once,

With scarce the warning of some rolling stones,

The mass of glacier rent in two and fell ;

And with it fell the rocks ; the shale slopes fell

In streams of ruin ; fell the groups of pines ;

Fell all the thirsty flowers the autumn's heat

Had left to bloom, fell all the awful storm ;

Death fell upon the beasts and men below,

And blotted out the glory of the vale

At once. But now the music of the bells

Told of the dawn of life and hope, and then

Death fell and desolation. Stay and read ;

The simple stone tells of the simple facts,

The date, the names, the prayer, and all is said.

We talked of graves, and is not this a grave ?

Beneath these hills, and others, near to it,

As green with grass, as fresh with summer flowers,
Topped too with pines, that lately thrust their
 roots

In rock or shale two thousand feet above,
Here, 'neath these beautiful and giant graves,
Nature's own barrows o'er the men she slew,
Rest age and strength, rest hopes of ardent youth
And maiden's love. Pause, traveller, and think,
Plucking a gentian for the memory,
Of what has been, and is, and e'er shall be,
Deep in the throes of Nature and of man,
Of death and resurrection. Look again
At that black slope beside the glacier's blue,
Then bend the head, and calmly, humbly muse
On that September morning. Happiness
Is not less bright because a passing cloud
Marks how the sun does shine. This scene of
 death

As once I saw it, but two years ago,
A vale of misery, rocks and broken trees
And dust and ruin, once more wakes to life,
Is vocal with the bleating goats and men
Singing for joy. Now are the shadows past.
Ali is not sunshine, but the sun is good.
So farewell, traveller, happy be and wise ;
Still may you see the white peaks from the pass,
Still may your soul drink in the deathless blue.

The Gelli Horn

ABOVE the Bears at Kandersteg,
A short way up the steep fuss-weg,
Zig-zagging for the Gemmi Pass,
Four hours ere you reach, alas !
Through stones and snow the very top,
And if the sun shine brightly, stop,
And mark the Matterhorn uprise,
And wonder if your eager eyes
Find Monte Rosa, peeping peak,
And other points that clearer lie
Perhaps in your map than in the sky,
And quote, as rise the peaks of snow,
'Mountains so high, why hop ye so ?'
But a short distance up the way,
If you a stroller are, you stay—
A stroller, not of those who climb
And rush, they cannot spare the time
To see a view, or pluck a flower—
You stay, and gaze for half an hour
At the steep rising Gelli Horn,
Its broken face, by weather worn
To strangest shapes, until the Three,
A rich reward for eyes that see,
At last stand out, bone knit with bone ;
For Nature, working all alone,
Has carved three forms upon a throne,

Using her chisel of the ice,
Not with results fantastic, nice,
That come from artists' studios,
But fit mates for their sister snows
And brother storms that round them rage.
One is an old churl, bent with age,
Grizzled and bearded ; to his feet,
With folds that circle and repeat,
His ragged cloak is ever falling.
Sternly he sits, his eyes appalling
The huge and crawling crocodile,
That, with a sly and vengeful smile,
Leers up at him. But them between
Reclines a vampire as a queen,
With eagle's head, and folded hands
Calmly, as if she understands
With heartless brain, so cannot rue,
The fight to come between the two.
For, with a brave but angry smile,
He looks down on that beast so vile,
Which glancing upwards, cruel, strong,
Drags its vast scaly folds along,
Nearer and nearer to his seat,
For centuries. Will they never meet,
And never let that ruthless queen
Award the prize, three kisses keen
Of her hard beak? Now have I seen
As much as time will ever see
Of conflict 'twixt the stony Three,

Each bent on doing his own deed,
But never from those stone bonds freed
To do it? Let the sermon go ;
Turn to the thin fresh fallen snow,
That frosts with silver veil the hills
Where racing run the tiny rills,
That join to make the waterfall.
Listen, and we shall hear it call
From the far-off Uschinen Thal :
Or fancy that we hear it sing.
Fancy is still the better thing.
Leave all fell beasts and thoughts behind,
And let it flow into our mind,
Deathless, for ours has it not been,
The rapture of this mountain scene,
So strong and tender, sweet and grand,
The essence, heart of Switzerland ?

The solitary Pine

(ÆSCHINEN SEE)

THE solitary pine tree stood
Where all its brothers of the wood,
By storm or avalanche o'erthrown,
Had left it growing there alone,
Or bravely striving there to grow,
And facing the eternal snow.

Its long roots clasped with twisting length
 A rock as of its stony strength
 A portion for its own to take,
 So close that neither could forsake
 The other in adversity,
 A common life to live or die.
 Standing erect a hundred feet,
 Its slender top had yearned to meet
 The blue of heaven for many years,
 But only felt its pitying tears.
 Once on its youthful strength reliant,
 And still a hundred-handed giant,
 But broken arms and broken hands,
 Bare wholly or half green, it stands,
 As it for many a year has stood,
 The sole survivor of the wood.
 What sad courageous peace is thine,
 A rock that 'mid the surging brine
 Stands fast, O solitary pine.

The children play with gathered fruits,
 And moss and stones about thy roots,
 Building toy houses in their play.
 And thou wast once as glad as they,
 A little sprouting, peeping thing,
 Trembling to hear the chaffinch sing
 Or raven croak, or keel of boat
 Grate harshly. When the bearded goat
 Bit off thy tiny cap of green,

Poor little baby, did it mean
To snap thy tender life away?
But thou wast once as glad as they,
With thy fresh leaves didst blithely sing,
Making a summer in the spring,
Each branchlet tipped with needles bright,
'To travellers such a new delight,
That, e'en when storm clouds hung in wrath,
They felt a sunshine in their path.
But now, thy lower branches dead,
On thee 'tis long since goats have fed,
And only on thy top the green
Tells of the sun that once has been,
Of storm, and wind, and snow, the wine
Thou hast drunk deep, until 'tis thine,
Their death, O solitary pine.

And yet the scene is grand and sweet.
Thou hast a lake beneath thy feet,
Wherein the cliff as truly gleams,
And thin grey lines of falling streams
As truly fall, as if they were
Seen through the lucent atmosphere,
Not merely in the water glassed.
And, when a shower lately passed,
A rainbow sprang from shore to shore,
The wide lake river bridging o'er,
With arch of yellow, pink, and blue,
The rock and grass so showing through,

As if of it they were a part,
The opus magnum of the art
Of some of those small goldsmith elves
Who forge and hammer till themselves
They find transmuted into men,
Or almost gods, create ; and then
Relapsing become elves again ;
But feel a pleasure in their pain,
Because they once have found above,
And felt the longing and the love
Of life and art. The rainbow flies.
See, high above the cliffs that rise
In zig-zag strata, 'twixt the skies
And their sharp lines, the snowfields rest,
Clasped to the mountain's awful breast,
And reach up to the cloudy top,
Where aspiration does not stop,
But stands with firm feet close together,
And, wings for arms, in spite of weather,
In spite of swirling wind and cloud,
And thunder that now roars aloud,
Now mutters low about the base
Of icy crags, springs into space,
Is lost, then quickly homeward flies ;
And in the heart, then in the eyes,
Again climbs upward. Such a view,
So changeful, sweet, exulting, true ;
So full of all that prompts the mood
Of love which makes things understood

That else were dim ; that pours along
Receptive minds the stream of song ;
Unites the sudden silences
With music of the hills and trees,
Those thousand little airy voices,
In which the soul of man rejoices
Until the rapture is divine !
For fifty years such scenes are thine,
And thou art sad, O lonely pine !

'Tis time to go. The surging mist
The valley's sides have softly kissed.
The children called in from their play
By careful mother, long to stay,
And with slow footsteps scarce obey.
The old white goat beneath the shed
Of pine wood chips has made her bed.
A last faint distant tinkle tells
Of where just now a score of bells
Marked where the cows were pasturing.
No longer does the chaffinch sing
Its evening chirping note. The flies,
Yellow and scarlet, 'fore our eyes
No more do flit and float ; the sun
Is sinking and their day is done.
The valley's life has gone to sleep.
But, travelling up the ridges steep,
Our eyes can leave the lower gloom,
And climb, and search for freer room,

Till ever mounting, higher, higher,
At last the sun with rosy fire
Inflames the Blumlis-Alp, the snow
Reddened with such a spreading glow,
Its blush reflected here below
We faintly feel. Now that has passed ;
We take one glance, the very last,
Of lake and mountain, and of thee,
Poor pine, that now we scarce can see.
Thy stone-twined roots are gone ; thy trunk
Beneath the little pass has sunk ;
Thy broken arms are hid ; a cone
Gemming thy greener crest alone,
Is visible, a spot of brown
Amid the mist ; now that has grown
A thing to guess at. Friend, good bye.
Auf wieder sehen? Mockery !
For thee again I shall not see,
Except with grateful heart, brave tree.
Death will come soon to me and thee.
Ah ! Far apart, no eglantine,
No icicle with fingers fine,
Our hands and hearts shall intertwine,
In life or death, dear lonely pine.

Then must I leave thee here alone,
Save that thy roots do clasp a stone,
Save that the mist has round thee cast
Her swathing bands and holds thee fast,

Save that the sleeping bairns do seem
To keep and love thee in their dream?
Else must thy branches ever sigh,
And ever moan the same reply,
Alone I live, alone I die?
No! Thou art not alone, dear brother;
For there is always just another
To take the torch from dying hands.
A little way beneath thee stands,
In sheltered nook, thy sturdy son,
His youthful life but just begun,
Upright, and full of hope and joy,
A healthy, handsome Switzer boy,
Eager to run and win the race,
Eager to take thy perilous place,
Confront the hostile storms and ice,
And fall, an early sacrifice,
Or else, in spite of fancy's fears,
To live a hundred useful years.
Be that thy faith, that thou and he
Are links in the eternity
Of that long chain which joins in one
All truest things beneath the sun,
That thy exceeding great reward.
Thy trunk the years have deeply scored
With wounds that tell of victories,
Of duty done that never dies,
Of quenchless hope. Would it were mine,
That strength invincible of thine,
Thy heart, O solitary pine.

A Song

(KANDERSTEG)

HERE a little fountain sprinkling
Rocks and grass, and tired souls.
There, beneath the mountain, tinkling
Bells of goats, while thunder rolls.

Craggy mountain, how above thee
Tempests howl, and eagles soar !
Little fountain, how I love thee !
Thou be mine for evermore.

Sights and Sounds

BEHIND I feel the Eiger. But I see
The Schwartzorn with its ridge of snow ; the
bee
Feeding on Alpine roses ; veteran pines,
Half green half grey, climbing in broken lines,
A hope forlorn, to reach the Tschuggen's top ;
Two chamois from a ridge of rock that drop
Down a long snow slope with four easy leaps ;
A little cloud that floats, and floating sleeps
In the deep blue ; a mule that slowly passes
Down a steep path ; a tuft of purple grasses,

Red butterflies ; black ants among the roots
That ever crawl ; a bird that shines and shoots
With white wings past us ; tiny gentians
Glinting with blue ; a broken bridge that spans
A streamlet leading where the cows do feed,
Specks far below ; a patch of open mead
Where white anemones and hawkweeds grow
Orange in hue ; rocks blushing with a glow
Of dense pink saxifrage, while at their base
The viola turns up her purple face
To find the sun. These sights, with just a look,
I gather from the pictures in the book
Nature spreads out before me. What I hear,
Is first the breeze among the branches sere,
A sougling whistling sound ; and next a chough
Calling his mate in accents sharp and gruff ;
The twitterings of a finch ; the chimes that float
Now with a thinner, now a deeper note,
Telling of goats and cattle in the dells
Of grass below that feed, whose wavy bells
Join thus in bars of half-heard madrigals,
That Chopin dreamt not of ; the streamlet's flow,
The sudden thunder of a fall of snow
From the white Mönch ; the tones of hollow wood
Struck by an axe : then, dimly understood,
Some peasants' talk as down the path they swing
To Grindelwald ; a beetle on the wing.
I hear nought else, except an inward voice
Bidding us blend them all in one, rejoice

In such a harmony of sight and sound,
 Bidding us list and look till He is found,
 The God Who in them is, and yearns that man,
 His eye, his heart, his voice, should grasp His
 plan,
 Should hear and harmonise kind Nature's prayer,
 Sing with her songs, so find Him everywhere,
 Supreme, the King of Beauty. He it is,
 Whom, Nature's sweet and awful synthesis,
 We see and hear in parts that make the whole,
 And hymn His praise with eye, ear, heart, and
 soul,
 Now, while the gentian peeps, and distant thunders
 roll.

The little Fountain

(CHAMBÉRY)

SWISS cascades rush in grandeur from the
 mountains ;
 Italian cities boast their graceful fountains.
 I gaze ; my eye to some new wonder turns.
 Amid their grandeur and their grace enthralling
 My English dreams, I yet may hear it calling,
 The whisper of this jet, which rising, falling,
 Scarce lifts its bending neck above the ferns.

Lourdes

(An Impression)

IN a sweet land where mountains upward grow,
 Until their tops are capped with swathes of
 snow,
 Through fields and woods where singing rivers
 flow,
 A land of vines and sunlight, birds and flowers,
 I saw Faith crucified. Through day's bright hours,
 Through hours of darkness, on the cross she hung,
 And of her no one ever spoke or sung,
 Though crowds passed by her, though her wings
 were red
 With torture, though some in the crowd had fed
 Once on her soul. She hung neglected there ;
 Nay, on her face men vacantly would stare,
 And see her not ; but mostly looked aside
 To see the other two, not crucified,
 But raised on lofty platforms. One e'er knelt,
 And as a storm of hail will pelt and pelt
 The air with stones, she, seventy times seven,
 Poured her petitions to the Queen of Heaven,
 'The Immaculate Conception.' Thence is given
 To her by God the name Credulity.
 He on the other side knelt not, not he,
 No foolish prayers for Infidelity !
 But, lolling in his chair, with cheap dry wit,

And cheaper scorn and hate, made many a hit
 At her thus kneeling ; and to me it seemed,
 As I gazed stricken at the sight or dreamed,
 That as she prayed, he larger waxed, but she
 Dwindled before his hard and bitter glee.
 But she kept praying, save that now and then
 She could not keep her anger in the pen
 Of her sad prayers, but shot it out on him
 In word and gesture. How Faith's eyes were dim
 With weeping for them both ! How all her woe
 And pain were nothing to the scene below
 Which wrung her soul ! I saw Faith crucified,
 And those two monstrous shapes on either side
 Praying and scorning ; and great crowds passed by,
 Bannered and chanting many a litany,
 And looked at them, but cared not if should die
 Christ's Faith ; nay, saw her not. She silently
 Hung there, in that great clash of cult and scoff !
 And what will ye do in the end thereof ?

In the Train

I WAKE from sleep. The rain has lost the day,
 And all the April storms have rolled away,
 But leaving mounds of cumulous low cloud,
 Still fit to let the thunder break aloud.
 From their huge bastions, the westering sun

Through haze has burnished to a purple dun.
Beneath, long miles of poplar, row on row,
A million nobs and nests of misletoe,
Field after field of strips of brown and green,
For now in spring the ploughman oft is seen
Turning the soil beside the springing wheat.
See how he stays his horses' lifted feet,
And gazes at us, resting on his plough.
By the straight black canal, a dappled cow
Thrusts through the bushes ; homing boys from
 school,
Black pinafores and satchels ; now a pool
With ducks or geese upon it, who can tell ?
A blur of objects, barns and ricks, pell mell,
As we fly by them ; pigeons in a flock,
A belt of hills, a burrow 'neath a rock,
And then again all flat. Our carriage full
One open slit of window would keep cool,
The plates so hot beneath ; a cit who snores ;
Two men who talk and think each other bores ;
Two lovers, she e'er purring like a cat,
He stroking dead birds in his lady's hat ;
Half red, half blue, with buttons brightened o'er,
A soldier lounging in the corridor,
Humming, between his whiffs of cigarette,
Scraps of camp songs, and dreaming of Jeanette,
Caring not over much for tune or time,
Less than the thump--thump, than the joggling
 rhyme,

That makes my pencil from the paper glance,
 And brain with pencil in a duet dance,
 As still our Rapide swings through middle France.

A gentle Jog

FIFTEEN persons in Diablas
 (Thus correctly called She-devils),
 Fifteen persons, male and female,
 Spanish, German, French and English,
 Language one for each diabla,
 Went a jog to El Puente
 Del Rey, went a jog tremendous.
 As the day was full of beauty,
 As the sky was full of blueness,
 Full of light and actinism,
 As the fields were full of workmen,
 As the canes were full of sugar,
 So the roads were full of chasms,
 Full of chasms, ruts, and rivers,
 Full of stones, and rocks, and mud pits.
 First the jogging was but gentle
 (Spaniards call such jogging gentle)
 Till we came to Churriana,
 Then, because the time was pressing,
 And we, too, were very hungry,
 Having to make many sketches

(Art is an imperious mistress,
And our souls obey or tremble),
We, with our most noble captain,
Norman he who conquered England,
Fed on Norman beeves and muttons,
Sanson hight, a noble Norman,
Wandering went through Churriana,
Took a tour through Churriana.
At our head a youthful German,
From the beaches of the Baltic,
Scotch his name, but most Teutonic,
Most Bismarckian all his instincts,
Bellicose his words and gestures,
Yet with heart most kind and gentle,
He was our brave standard bearer,
Flourishing a photographic
Camera for flag, and striding
At the head of all the army.
Suddenly we saw a regiment,
All in line that stalwart regiment,
Kneeling in a line of beauty,
Yes, of beauteous planchadoras,
In a stream their garments washing,
Soaping, beating, chatting, laughing.
Wunderschön were all their faces,
Wunderschön their eyes, and flowers
Sweetly in their hair contrasting ;
So the German snapped and took them.
On his plate they smile for ever.

Then we jogged to El Puente
By a road that's past description,
Therefore I will not describe it.
When we came to El Puente,
We had lunch beneath some olives,
By a hedge our almuerzo,
Omelettes, oranges, and mutton,
Café noir, cheese, wine, and quince jam,
Bread and—I've forgot the menu.
Here the bearded Anglo-Indian
Told how in a spot most like it,
He in Hindostan had waited,
In the oriental darkness,
Waited till he'd shot a panther.
Trembling, still we ate our luncheons.
Then we wandered o'er the ruins,
Saw the bridge, called El Puente
Del Rey, sketched or did not sketch it ;
Felt the soft Levante rustling
Through the sugar canes, saw mountains
Capped with snow, saw all the beauty,
Drank it in or did not drink it ;
While the German snapped some donkeys.
Then the hour came of going,
Four o'clock, the time of going,
But the drivers were not ready,
They instead did pour libations,
Rich libations, red and vinous,
Not on earth, but down their gullets,

To their goddess, great Mañana,
Whom the Andalucians worship,
Goddess she of all the future ;
Poured libations, also incense,
Incense burning of tobacco,
Cigarettes, cigars, and matches,
Smoke ascending, circling, spreading,
All in honour of Mañana.
Silently in one diablo
Sat some patient English people,
Oh ! the patient English people !
Very patient, rather silent,
Save just now and then, for grumbling,
Oh ! the grumbling English people !
Vain their grumbling as their patience,
Though the courteous Anglo-Indian
Tea poured on the troubled waters.
Lastly one diablo started,
And another quickly followed,
Splashing through a muddy river,
Two diablos went together
Jogging, rolling, lurching, sinking,
Swaying, every kind of movement,
But the one of gentle progress,
By the road that beats description,
Till they came to Churriana,
Waiting there till came the others.
But they came not, came one only ;
But instead there came a runner,

Who from South Americ Indians
Indiarubber bought, came running,
Running he with legs of rubber,
Most elastic, bouncing, bounding,
Now the right way, now the wrong way,
'Stop diabras,' ever gasping,
'Stop diabras,' shrilly calling,
Till he came to Churriana,
Bounding, running, and was silent,
Silent for a time, and breathless.
Then he told no tale of triumph,
But a melancholy story,
Sad, grotesque, and almost tragic.
For we heard that one diabla,
The penultimate diabla,
Carrying a precious burden,
Persons four beside the driver,
Persons muy preciosas,
One, the bearded Anglo-Indian,
One, the English Señorita,
Tallest of all Señoritas,
One, the French Shakespearian scholar,
Madame one, and fresh from Paris,
Where the road beyond description
Most was full of ruts and mud pits,
That diabla most unlucky,
Whom an evil serpent looked at
From the grass last Friday fortnight,
Lurched, of lurches bad the worst one,

Bumped, the axle broke asunder !
Fell the wheel, diabla also,
Fell the unsuspecting voyagers,
Fell at once, and fell together.
Oh ! the foreign complications,
International, altruistic !
Oh ! the catastrophic crisis !
When their friends who were behind them.
In the following diabla,
In the ultimate diabla,
Saw the four thus fall together,
One the Anglo-Indian's lady
Saw her husband thus descending,
Falling, such a sudden fall too,
They were filled with fear, and jumping
From their seats, on rushed and shouted,
'What's the matter ? Are you injured ?'
'Are bones broken ? Are you senseless ?'
'Are you dead, or are you living ?'
Then they pulled them from the carriage,
From the broken down diabla,
Pulled them tenderly but firmly,
Pulled a leg, an arm, a finger,
Pulled a neck, a heel, a shoulder,
Found that they were joined together,
Found four things instead of fifty,
Found four persons whole and hearty,
Found the four alive and laughing,
All with laughter shaking, crying,

Then they also joined in laughter.
All did laugh except the driver ;
He with eyes of shame and sorrow,
Gazing at his poor diabla,
Late a picture of perfection,
Now all broken down, lopsided,
Muddy, twisted, wheelless, ruined,
Cursed the snake that Friday fortnight,
Cursed the road, and cursed fuestros,
Cursed the sketching, mad fuestros,
Cursed our noble Norman captain,
Who had bargained for the journey,
Made him take that jolting journey,
Jolting jog to El Puente.
How the rest in three diabras,
What remained in three diabras,
International, altruistic,
Joggled home from Churriana,
While one driver, by libations
Much inspired, with his singing,
Not the singing of De Reszke,
Or of Patti, or of Melba,
'Neath the boughs of eucalyptus,
'Neath the plane trees grey and ghostly,
Made the eve not unmelodious,
Though his voice was rather raucous,
Though a trifle more poetic
Was the afterglow of sunset ;
How to Malaga we joggled,

Joggled, jolted, in the city
 Jolted just as bad as elsewhere ;
 How we told our tale at dinner,
 At our excellent comida,
 With the extra sauce of hunger,
 Tale of joy, and tale of sorrow,
 Tale of much and mixed adventure,
 Tale of catastrophic crisis ;
 How the wise ones, wise, homestaying,
 Shook their heads, diabras blaming,
 With—‘ Did not we say ’twould happen ? ’
 How one lady was emphatic,
 Saying in those bad diabras
 In those horrible diabras,
 She again would ride, ‘ no, never.’
 (Some one whispered, ‘ hardly ever’)—
 This your poet might have written,
 Were he not so very sleepy,
 He, too, lately lulled to slumber,
 In a curious kind of cradle,
 That would not suit every baby,
 In the arms, not of his mother,
 In the arms of a diabla !

A Voyage

TWO Vetture, six Inglesi,
 One, a philosophic Canon,
 One his wife, a calm signora,

Signorina Margherita,
Tallest of all Signorinas,
Signorina Theodora
She who loves the Sea Ionic,
Two cadets of naval daring,
Mr. Biggs, so we will call him,
Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Littler,
Started from the Belvedere
Pensione, where Va Bene,
He Padrone, of much vigour,
Vigour, gloves, and maccaroni,
Ever asking now, 'Va bene?'
Then 'Va bene?' waving glove tips,
Bade us kindly 'Buon viaggio,'
Which we had, and something over.
Drove we by the dusty via,
Dusty with the dust of ages,
Centuries some five and twenty,
Dust of case, templi, tombi;
Joggled down beside the porto,
Porto great of Syracuse,
Thought of that great naval battle,
Syracusans and Athenians,
Twice one hundred ships at grapple,
Greeks from every isle and city;
Greek met Greek in tug of warfare,
Fought and fought, until the issue
Came at last, and Athens' glory
Set in blood and tears and ruin.

Alcibiades the traitor,
Eloquent, persuasive, subtle,
Winner of his chariot races,
Winner of the people's voices,
Selfish, traitor without scruple,
Cursed we ; Nicias the patriot,
Patriot in spite of foresight,
Ill, despairing, lost, courageous,
Though a trifle superstitious,
Headstrong too, and hesitating,
Wept we Nicias the hero.
Thinking thus, or never thinking,
Chatting, we, instead of thinking,
Drove along the Porto Grande,
Drove along the clear Anapo,
Till we came to where the barche,
Barche big, commodious, tub-like,
Lay beside the bank of herbage,
Asphodel, and thyme, and daisies,
Barche many, but no rowers.
Signorina Margherita,
Tallest of all Signorinas,
Primest of Italian scholars,
She who bargained for the journey,
With her head in skies Italian,
Had forgot the need of rowers.
Io ! Pheu ! Pheu ! Shall we basely
Walk, and see the rare papyrus
Mock us with his frequent noddings,

Mock us walkers, while Anapo
Flows beneath, and also mocks us,
Mocks us with his Minnehahas,
Mocks us with his laughing waters?
No, for our cadets were noble,
Inglesi duo, young and stalwart,
Mr. Biggs and Mr. Littler ;
Oft on Dart's Devonian waters,
Starting from the old Britannia,
They had guided well the cutter,
Rowed and sailed, or well or badly,
Run down yachts, or else were run down,
Shall the base Anapo flout them.
Shall this puny streamlet flout them,
Who the Dart had conquered? Never !
Never ! Never ! No, Inglesi,
They would row, and row to glory,
Row to where Cyane silent
Weeps with the papyrus round her,
While in tears swim round the mullets.
Shall the men the Dart who conquered,
Shall the men who won Trafalgar,
Be defeated by Anapo?
Never ; so the grave Canone,
With his wife, and signorinas,
Bags and biscuits and tea-basket,
Having got on board the cargo,
Quick they loosed the boat, and seizing
Oars, with victory in their faces,

Turned to row, and see Cyane
Soon, how soon, the sweet Cyane !
But we never saw Cyane.
She for us ne'er wept, but sobbing
Found papyri sympathetic,
But papyri solamente,
Not the tender-souled Inglesi.
For, unlike the Dart Devonian,
Lo, Anapo, swift and narrow,
With the cruel wind her aiding,
Would not let us see Cyane.
Soon the barca swung, and headed
First to one side, then another,
Swinging, heading, bumping, backing,
Would not go towards Cyane,
Rather sought the Porto Grande.
But our crew was energetic,
Energetic and determined,
Sprang one to the bank and towed us,
Towed, in spite of two immersions,
Towed us strongly, while the other,
Mr. Littler, with his punt pole,
Oar ignobly used as punt pole,
Kept from bank the gallant barca,
Kept, or bravely tried to keep it,
And indeed sometimes succeeded.
Trunks and bridges, other barche.
Bushes of papyrus stayed us,
Still we made some kind of progress

Towards the fountain of Cyane,
Very slow, and rather zig-zag.
Ha ! What is this madman running ?
He engaged in la caccia,
Shooting all the little song birds ;
Shooting anything that flieth,
Anything to make a stew of,
Flourishing his gun, and shouting,
In a patois most Sicilian,
'E non possu, e non possu,
E non possu ; vientu, vientu,
E correntu ; e non possu.'
Rushing to the bank, and leaping,
Leaping, almost, for the barca ?
And what are these other shoutings ?
Hail, the friendly cocchiere
Comes with help, comes with a comrade.
Comes with harness ; his cavallo
May return unto the citta,
May be drowned in the Anapo,
So the kind forestieri,
So the mad forestieri,
May be towed up the Anapo,
See the fountain of Cyane.
But in vain all help and harness,
Helping hearts and helping muscle.
Strong the wind and strong the current.
We shall never see Cyane,
Never see her fountain weeping,

Never see her fishes swimming
'Mid the groves of tall papyrus.
Wordsworth sang his lovely Yarrow,
Sang and saw her in a vision,
Sang her whom he could not visit ;
So must I too sing Cyane.
Let us moor our roomy barca,
Built on lines of ample beauty,
To this bending trunk of willow,
Looking towards Cyane's fountain,
As the pilgrim bound for Mecca,
Sinking in the sands Arabian,
Looks where Mecca lies, and dieth.
So we did, not die, but mooring,
Rested 'neath the whispering willow,
Rested 'fore the tall papyrus :
Gladly both the gallant sailors
Rested and the friendly allies.
Then, beneath the willow floating,
Made we tea, and slowly drank it,
Ate we biscuits, chocolata,
Laughed and chatted, chatted laughing
At ourselves and at the sportsman,
Who amid the dense papyrus,
Lost his pipe bowl, searched, and found it,
Found it after many searchings ;
As a spade his gun he handled,
With his foot upon the trigger,
Till at last he dug the bowl up.

Shouted we congratulations,
Waved our hats and shouted 'Bravo !'
Eke 'Bravissimo' we shouted.
Then he ran, as if the devil
Were behind him, or before him,
Quickly ran to where his neighbour
Grew his artichokes and lettuce,
Crisp and green, and quickly cut them ;
Quickly came, and quickly threw them,
Swinging both arms, deftly threw them,
Right across the deep fume,
Right across the swift Anapo ;
Mr. Biggs, he good at cricket,
Safely caught them, and we ate them,
Ate them and their recollections,
At the Pension Va Bene.
Sadly then we freed our barca,
Floated smoothly down Anapo,
Floated quickly down Anapo,
Much more quickly than we came up,
Down by bridges, banks, and bushes,
Down to where the ready barca
Wooed us to our sad adventure—
No, not sad, but full of gladness.
Thank we then the gallant sailors.
Even Don hight Ferdinando
Cannot do more than he can do ;
Thank the graceful tall papyrus,
Thank we the cattivo vento,

Eke the friendly cocchiere,
Eke the sportsman with his lettuce,
And his foot upon the trigger ;
Thank the tea and chocolata,
Thank the distant view of Etna,
Thank the fountain of Cyane.
Ah ! The tears of fond Cyane,
Who, Persephone so loving,
Died because she could not snatch her
From the coal-black car and horses,
From her dark impetuous lover,
Wept herself away and weepeth.
In her tears still swim the fishes,
Gently nods the tall papyrus.
Ah ! sad failure of Cyane !
Ah ! glad failure of our party !

TRANSLATIONS



The Twilight

(From the 'El Crepusculo' of Jose Selgas Y. Carrasco)

AS beneath the tender eyelids
Of Lalage's eyes of azure
Swells a tear, we only whisper,
Only watch its charm and shining :
So, when now the day is dying,
In the midst of shifting cloudland,
In the depth of azure heaven,
Glows and grows the light of evening.

All is full of scent of flowers,
All is full of murmuring waters,
All around soft airs are breathing,
Trill and trill the little songsters.
Through the windings of the valleys,
As a word with softness spoken,
As a prayer with hope that trembles,
Hand in hand the lights and shadows
Shed between them dews of weeping,
Like the pure love of a maiden,
Like the breathing of an angel.

Now from lofty lone sierras,
High above their topmost ridges,

Homewards to their nests come sailing,
Sweeping come as kings the eagles.
Now to deep ravines, the streamlet
Ever digs by ever falling,
Thirsty for its limpid water,
Come the pigeons from the woodland.
All is here, the scent of flowers,
Birds that trill their little vespers,
Solace of the waters whispering
Through the sighing of the zephyrs.

Now the lights and now the shadows
Join and mix and part asunder,
From the love of light and shadow,
Half of each, is born the twilight.
Lowly lies the neighbouring village,
Sends aloft in blue-grey spirals
Smoke which ever rises, broadens,
Floating, till itself it loses.
While the night the day is kissing,
Join and part the light and shadow,
Curtains formed of fancy's lacework
Float about the long horizon.

Hour this of hope and sadness,
This of songs that flit and murmur,
Melancholy's tender touches,
Mysteries that mock the wooer.

Spirit of the mist, thou stretchest
Hands of seeking, soft and gentle,
As the loved and lost friend's image
Fades within the soul's embraces.
Every day thou comest seeking,
Sadly, lightly, none can touch thee.
Gently thus the soul awaketh,
Dim, far off, some dear remembrance.

As the sun behind is sinking,
See, before the stars are peeping ;
In thy arms the day is dying,
Night new born from thee is flowing.
Light of day and night of shadow
Join in thee, ne'er part asunder,
As in life cling close together
Light and shadow, joy and sorrow.
Thou too art the latest mourner,
Signalling our day's departure,
When, scarce born, in depths of darkness,
Once it dies and dies for ever.

Still the echoes, dead or dying,
Have their language none can utter.
Still our thoughts go forth and wander
Through the solitudes eternal.
Twilight of this summer's evening,
Thou in tears of dew, art melting

Gently, as the love of maidens,
Gently, as the breath of angels.

Everywhere the scent of flowers,
Everywhere the doves' faint cooing,
Wind's long plaintive farewell sighing,
Last soft sobbing of the waters.

To a Lady, with a caged Canary *

ORPHEUS, the flyer, is a prisoner.
Useless his wings ; he passeth all his days
In durance hard. Hark to his sad sweet lays,
Singing his liberty, now lost for e'er !
I, too, am fast in chains. I cannot stir
Hence, from about her feet, where my heart stays.
We both are prisoners ; from peaceful ways
Harsh fate has made us bondsmen unto her.
Vainly my heart her tale of love and grief
Tells to thee, cruel one, who art replying
To my sad tones with echoes light and brief.
'Tis something that I close to thee am lying :
Here thoughts of thee may sometimes bring relief.
And yet 'tis past endurance : I am dying.

* This and the following sonnet are translated from the
'Divertimenti Poetici' of Giuseppe Varano di Camerino,
1688.

Our Love

SWEET, how in heaven fate revolves her wheel,
Grinding out strange vicissitudes, in turn
Sinks one who all the depths of woe must feel,
Another lifts who in God's sun must burn.
For us no such inconstancy. We feel
Our friendship like two twisting rays return
A common flame, two minds one aim reveal,
Two bodies their souls' unity discern.
Changeable fate can never change our love,
Our loyalty. They are so fast entwined,
Nothing can loose them save the sword of death.
Nay, through the life eternal we shall move,
Two lives God's light has with such flames refined,
Our souls must breathe for ever but one breath.

Sirmio *

THE fairest pearl of all this noble lake,
Sweet Sirmio, thy joyous waves and walls
A sight so dear with varied richness make,
'Fore thee the eye entranced with wonder falls.
Thou smiling image of God's garden, take

* This and the following sonnet are translated from a series of sonnets on Benaco, by Andrea Maffei, 1851.

Our thousand eyes and hearts ; as captive thralls
They crowd thy throne. For thy great beauty's
sake,

My mind no more her former peace recalls.
Thy cypresses and olives end in rocks :
To ruins, to the waters hot with ire,
Runneth my mind, and cannot quiet be.
But if some ashes, spite of all these shocks
Of ruin, from thy classic hearths take fire,
Then breathes again the soul of harmony.

Riva

SAY, are not these Italian fields which smile
With all the beauty of eternal spring ?
Thy sister wave, which breaks on Sirmio's isle,
Is this from it a different German thing ?
In every boy and girl the mind, the style,
The heart, are they so deeply differing ?
Are there no melodies that reconcile
Their souls as one, when each to each they sing ?
Are we not brethren, of a common mother ?
Oh ! have we not one language and one love ?
Should we not rest our heads upon one breast ?
No ! not until thy genius and no other,
Our Italy, is stamped on us. Above
Then God will send His light to do the rest.

The Voyage

(From Petrarch)

DEAD memories her cargo, o'er a sea
Rough, on a winter night, my ship doth go
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis, while my foe
The rudder holds, and ever mocks at me.
Thoughts are the oarsmen, wicked, such as be
Glad that the ruthless current guides our prow,
While the wet sails the winds unchanging blow,
Far from what breathes of hope and charity.
Thick mists of scorn, of tears a heavy rain,
Stretch tight and almost rend the shrouds apart,
All twisted by my thoughtless hands. My art,
My reason, signs and aims of what I fain
Would be, are drowning from my eyes and heart.
Oh ! Shall we ever make the port again ?

The simple Life

(From Petrarch)

ON seats of down, our sleep, our gluttony
Have driven every virtue from our lives.
Our natures by these fashions, what survives
Distracted, beaten, seems about to die ;
And every heavenly flame with them that strives
Is spent, and shivers poor humanity.
But, strong in weakness, lo ! how wondrously
For Helicon's pure stream the thirst revives.

Laurel and myrtle, fairest still you are.
Naked and poor, Philosophy, thou goest ;
So sneer the crowds for greed that only care.
But some still love the pathway simplest, lowest.
Dear spirit, stay with us. We cannot bear
To lose the grace and strength thou only knowest.

The Hedge Flower

(Lorenzo Stecchetti, 1845-76)

POOR little flower, born beneath the shade,
Poor little flower, in the hedge alone,
Thou, like my love, a ruin hast been made,
Thou, like my love, art never seen or known.
The sun ne'er smiled upon thee. Thou must die,
E'en from thy birth by thorns hedged round, above.
So too, without one smile of hope must I,
I and my love unknown. Ah, poor, poor love !

Verses Written on a Rock

(Lorenzo Stecchetti)

O YE, who climb this grassy hill,
And search this peace above
For shadiest wood and purest rill,
Ye spirits full of love,
Pity me ; by this lonely lane
I sit, and weep my lot.
Ye lovers, crushing is my pain.
Pity me ; I love not.

APPENDIX

These specimen national psalms and hymn are reprinted from a pamphlet on 'Religious Teaching of English History in Church and School.' Elliot Stock, 1907.

Come Unto Me

GOD calls you, you His loved and gifted people,
By every teeming town and moorland dim,
By every field, and forge, and ship, and steeple,
To strive for Him ;

By every failure, every noble mission,
By every prison cell and soldier's grave,
By every duty done and prophet vision,
Christ's flag to wave—

That flag of high resolve and loving kindness,
That flag of hope that ever is unfurled,
To conquer slavery and sin and blindness,
Through all the world.

Sit not among your ruins ; lamentations
Are not for those who can as once they could.
Up, be a soul among the souls of nations ;
Dare all for good.

We Raise our Psalm

WE raise our psalm unto Thee, O Lord : we
utter our songs in Thy name.

It is Thou, O Lord, who hast saved us from our
enemies : our foes without and within.

For our beloved fatherland we thank Thee, O
Lord : Britons, we lift our hands and hearts.

Let the glad choirs sound Thy praise : let the
sweet-voiced organ blow.

Let the whole congregation sing : higher and
higher let the strains ascend.

It is Thou, O Lord, who hast placed us : in this
rich and beautiful land,

Dimpled with hills and rivers : embraced by the
arms of the sea ;

A land of downs, gardens, and orchards : a land
of hedges and fields,

Where the primrose blooms in the lane : in the
copse the nightingale sings,

In the glade spreads the giant oak : above the larks
sing as they soar ;

Where the soft clouds temper the heat : where the
winter heartens the man,

Making him strong if he will : strong in the body
and mind,

Strong in the mind and the soul : a nation of heroes
and saints.

But, O Lord, we have despised Thy gifts : we have worshipped ourselves instead of Thee.

Lo, we have heaps of gold : lo, we have poverty, and lunacy, and crime.

Lo, we have heaps of gold : and with them disease, and sin, and death.

We wallow in luxury and lust : we gamble, we drink away our lives and our souls,

We debase ourselves lower than the beasts : we who are heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

Thou hast given us liberty, we degrade it into licence : like swine we tread Thy pearls in the mire.

O Lord, hear us ; God of Alfred, defend us : God of Milton and Wordsworth, bring our souls again to Thee.

God of Shaftesbury, Gordon, and Grace Darling : we would save ourselves and our brothers from the ocean of sin.

Father of us and of our Saviour : give us a new heart, the heart of Thy dear Son.

For our own fatherland we thank Thee : make it indeed Thy promised land.

Then with mind and voice refreshed : louder and still louder shall we sing ;

The organ shall echo in the roofs : and the echo of our hearts shall be in Thee.

Psalm for St. George's Day

THE day of St. George of England ! Of our
hero saint we hail the day.

Like him, may we be constant in fight : ever
valiant and ever bold.

Pure in heart, and true to Christ : may we deliver
captive maidens, and slay the dragons of sin—

Slay the dragons of cruelty and lust : and bring
their victims to the cleansing waters of Christ.

May we love our country and our God with a
common love : and for her and Him be eager
to live or to die.

In the footsteps of St. George, St. Andrew, and St.
Patrick : in the footsteps of all heroes and all
saints ;

Rich as the rose, lowly as the shamrock : as stern
as the thistle that blooms on the fells.

Of many hearts but single-hearted : may we fear-
lessly oppose sin and wrong.

England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland : hand with
hand, soul with soul, may we dare and do.

Canada, Australia, South Africa : Newfoundland,
New Zealand, and our isles of the seas.

The many millions of India : all over whom in all
humility and justice we would try to rule ;

That empire where the sun never sets : there, too,
may the sun of righteousness ever shine,

Righteousness making for peace : the peace that
 passeth all understanding ;

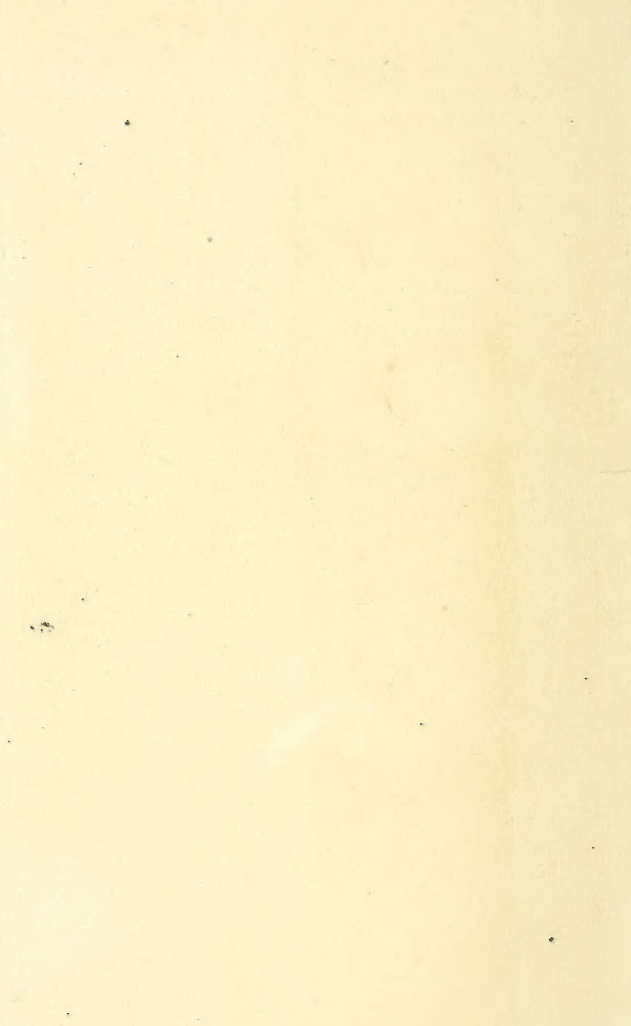
Hope, and peace, and faith, and love : the four
 golden pillars of the House of God !

Thus living, loving, thoughtful, and patient : may
 we be a blessing to ourselves and to the world !

On the day of St. George of England : on this
 great day of our Patron Saint,

Grant us, O Lord, this desire of our lips : grant us
 this prayer of the soul of our souls.

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